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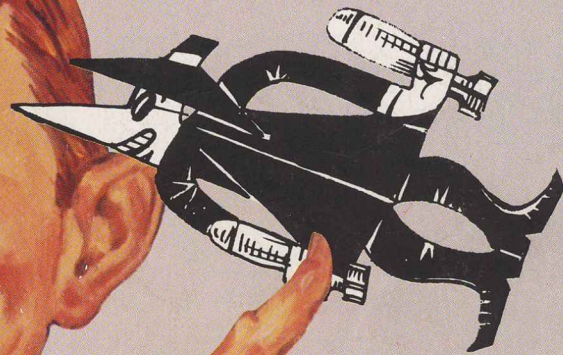
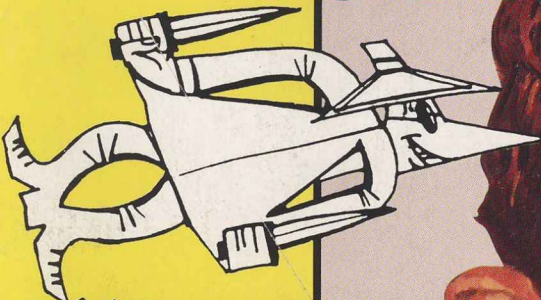
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Collect 'em
all!!!

Super
Special
January
1993
\$3.50
Cheap!

MAD^{IND}®

COLLECTOR'S SERIES #4



**SPECIAL
BONUS!!!**

**2
SPY
VS.
SPY
PLANES**

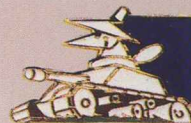
**READY TO FLY,
HANG OR CRASH!**



01

AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things!)

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

An Important Reminder! Each Official MAD Pin is so valuable it will be personally delivered to your home by an official United States Government Employee, dressed like a mailman!

This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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485 MADison Avenue



New York, New York 10022

- ☐ I enclose \$53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription.
I'll save \$16.25 off newsstand price and get all three MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!
- ☐ I enclose \$33.75 for a 24-Issue Subscription.
I'll save \$8.25 off newsstand price and get the official MAD Logo Pin absolutely free!
- ☐ I enclose \$13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription.
I'll save a paltry 25¢ off newsstand price and get to look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't send me any!
- ☐ CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

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CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip _____

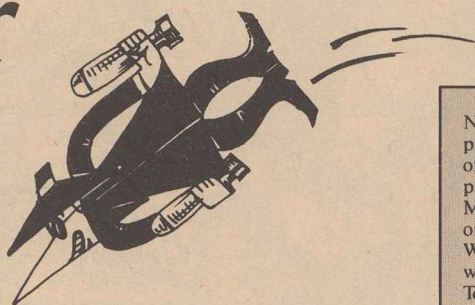
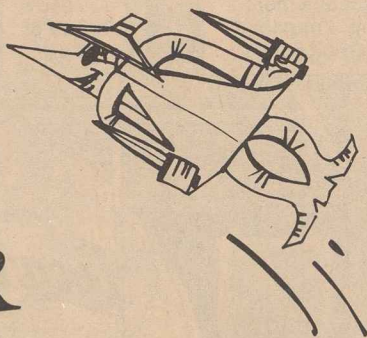
Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

MAD COLLECTOR'S SERIES NO. 4

SUPER
SPECIAL
NUMBER
EIGHTY-FIVE
JANUARY
1993



WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher

NICK MEGLIN and **JOHN FICARRA** editors

LEONARD BRENNER art director **TOM NOZKOWSKI** production director

CHARLIE KADAU and **JOE RAIOLA** associate editors

DICK DE BARTOLO creative consultant **ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG** editorial assistant

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the usual gang of idiots

FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS

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Printed in U.S.A.

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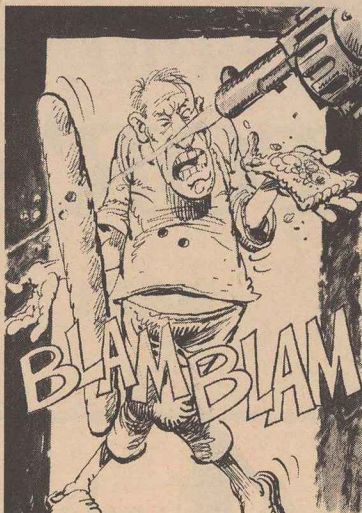
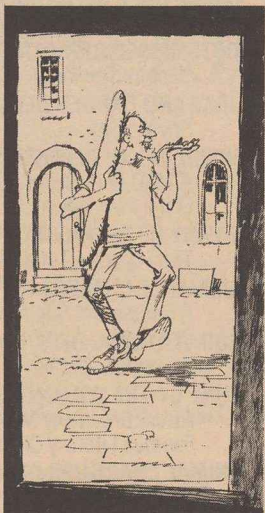
Now it's time to play "MAD Jackpotrzebie"! If the number printed in the upper righthand corner of this copy matches one of the randomly selected numbers published on the letters page of MAD #313, you win a free one-year subscription to MAD! (We know, Big Deal!) To claim your prize, send the original Collector's Series cover (no photocopies) to: MAD Winner's Circle, 485 MADison Ave., New York, NY 10022. The winning numbers for Collector's Series #3 are reprinted below. To better your chances of winning, don't check your numbers in the dark!

Here are the Winning Numbers for MAD Collector's Series #3

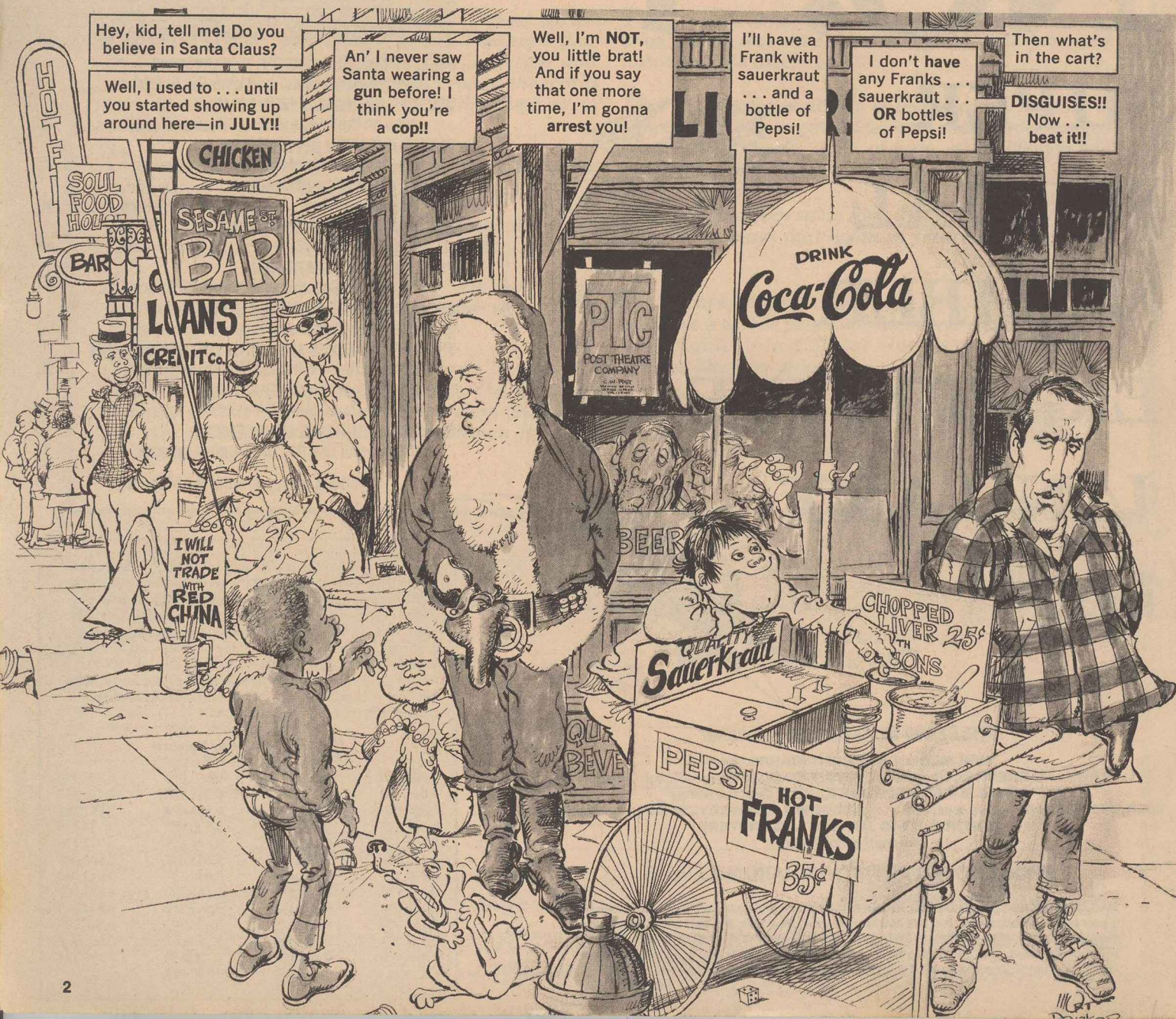
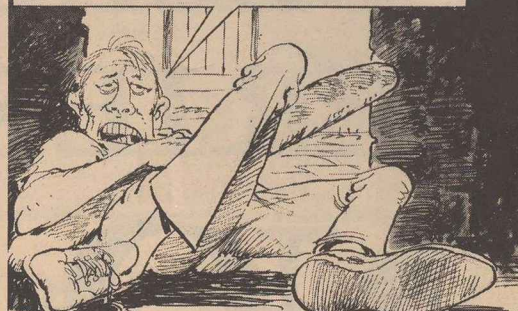
0,008,280	0,228,499	0,553,695	0,709,948
0,045,390	0,237,835	0,567,284	0,758,573
0,056,516	0,272,261	0,581,494	0,761,782
0,061,528	0,291,255	0,596,983	0,774,310
0,109,129	0,297,030	0,616,159	0,792,179
0,117,264	0,298,502	0,633,402	0,800,887
0,129,199	0,352,434	0,640,135	0,812,744
0,143,726	0,396,895	0,662,103	0,832,158
0,145,130	0,398,150	0,663,512	0,844,415
0,159,970	0,434,622	0,673,702	0,848,265
0,179,711	0,441,130	0,701,563	0,866,966
0,206,408	0,500,000	0,708,654	0,907,124
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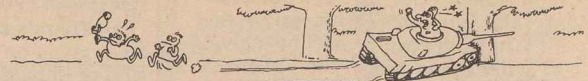
INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:



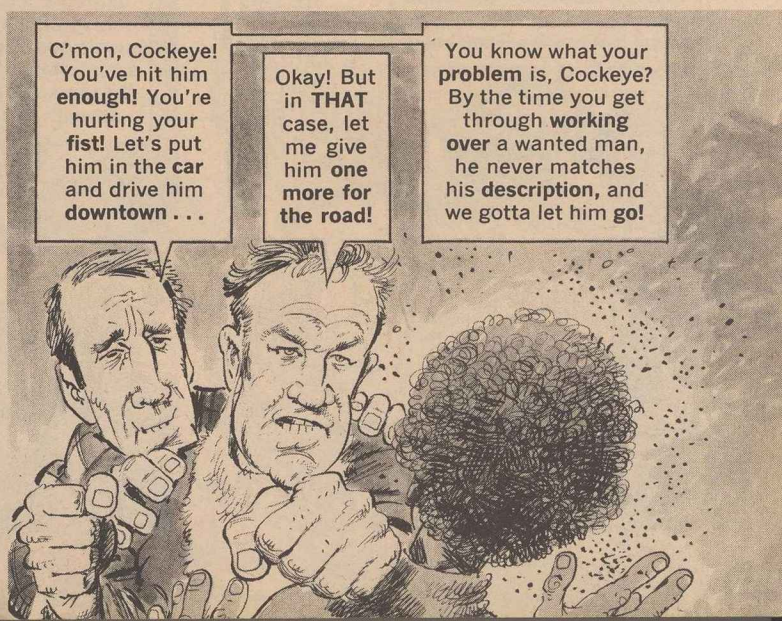
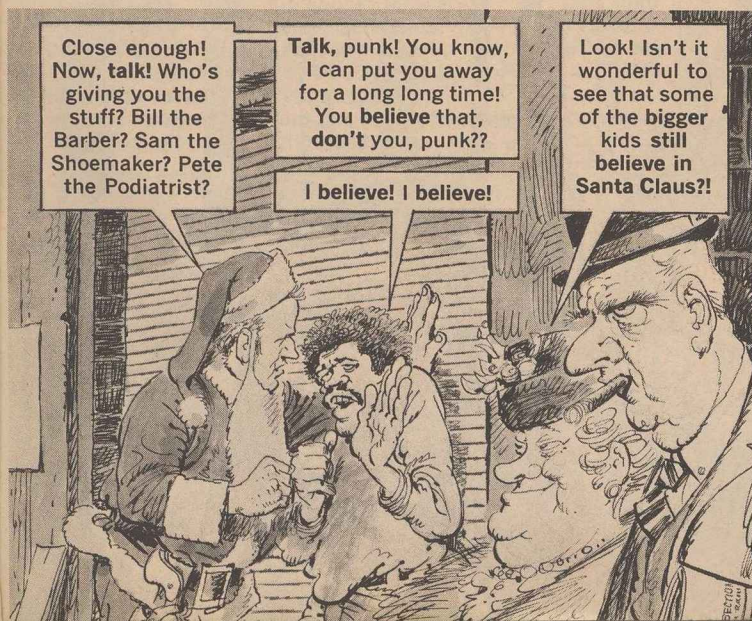
Okay! So I walked around Marseilles! So this brown Mark III Lincoln Continental followed me! So I bought a French bread, and I bought a pizza, and I stepped into this doorway, and now I'm being—GAAAK!
—murdered! So after the picture is all over, maybe somebody will tell me . . .





WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Hey, Birdie! Did you see? That guy gave the waiter a \$100 tip!

It's not even his waiter! And now he's giving the hat check girl a \$50 tip!

He doesn't even have a hat! There's something fishy going on here! That kind of tipping makes me suspicious! And the fact that they're all wearing GUNS doesn't help! C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the last time we followed someone, we stayed up for 3 days and 3 nights, went 48 hours without food, and accidentally killed a Federal Agent!

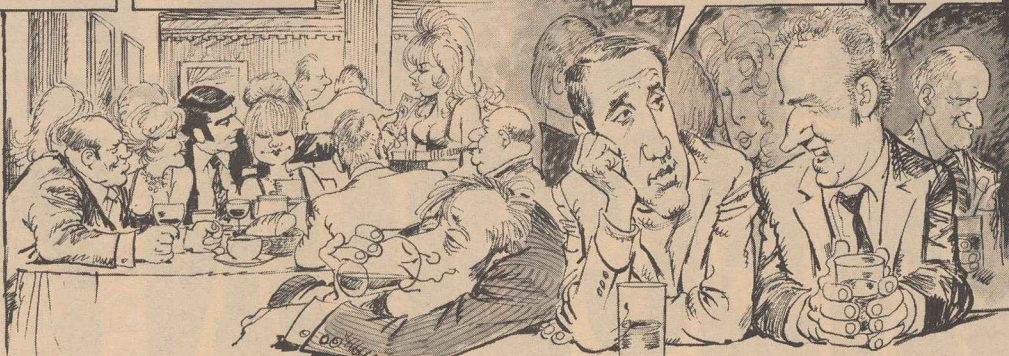
Well... I can't promise it will be as much fun as THAT—but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a great job of staying right on their tail!

No problem, Birdie! I tied our bumpers together!

Well? What's so unusual about that?

Well? What's so unusual about that?



But don't you think they'll get a little suspicious—seeing the same car behind them five hours in a row—especially in deserted Brooklyn?!

Naw! I keep changing my expression and they think I'm someone different each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a Caddy, his girl is loaded down with expensive clothes and jewelry, and they come home to a dumpy little Candy Store like that! What do you think, Cockeye?

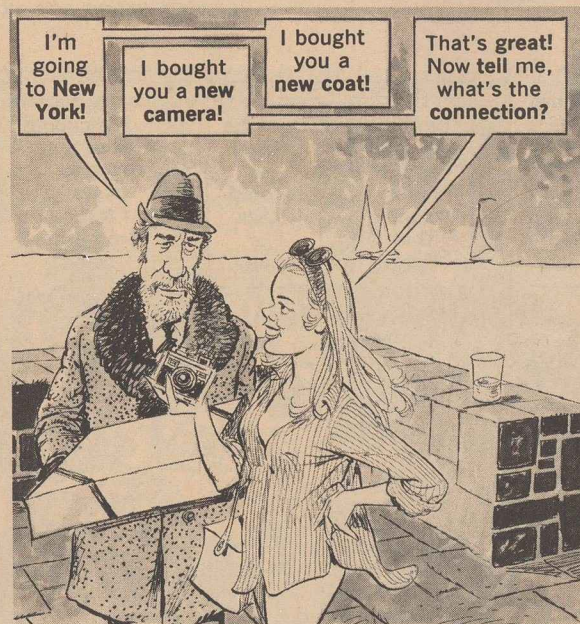
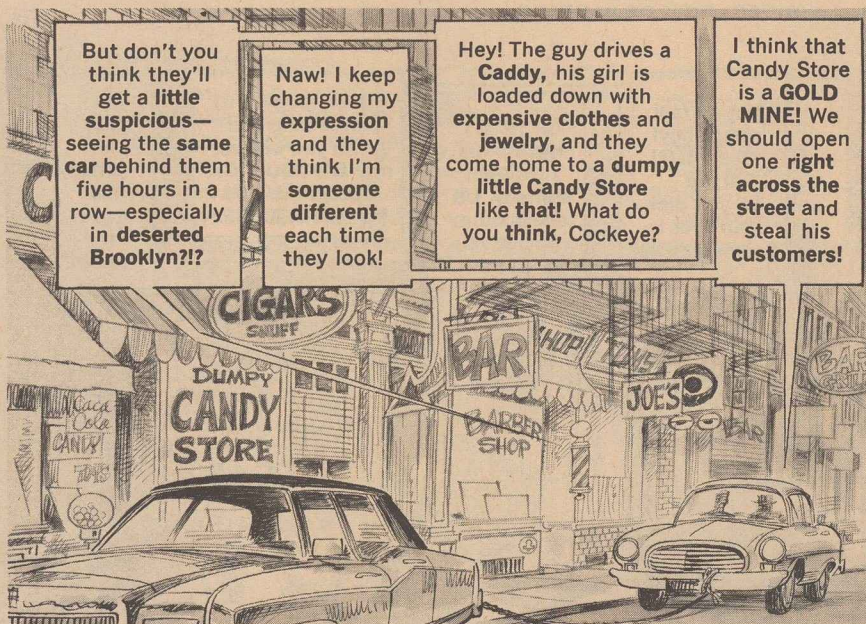
I think that Candy Store is a GOLD MINE! We should open one right across the street and steal his customers!

I'm going to New York!

I bought you a new camera!

I bought you a new coat!

That's great! Now tell me, what's the connection?



I got the scoop on those Candy Store sweeties! His name is Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo, and his wife's name is Angelina Bocciballo!

Oh, they're Italians?

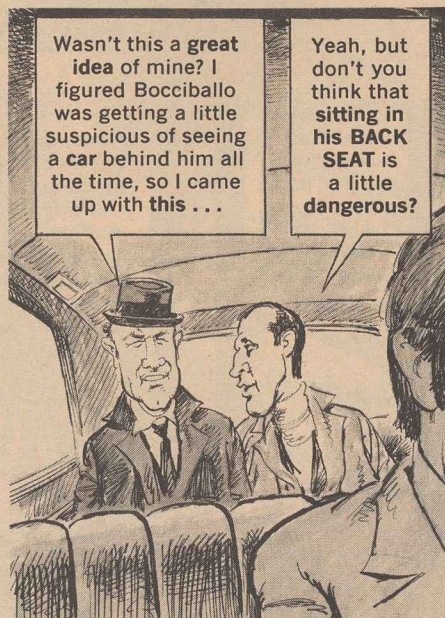
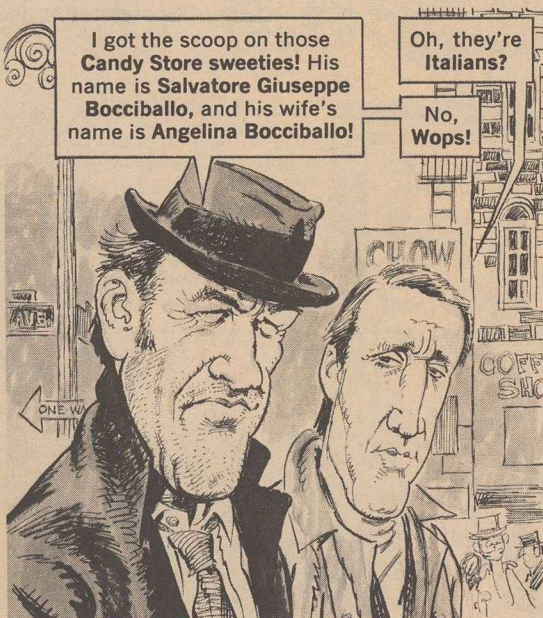
No, Wops!

Wasn't this a great idea of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a car behind him all the time, so I came up with this...

Yeah, but don't you think that sitting in his BACK SEAT is a little dangerous?

Not so loud! He'll hear you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about \$7000 a year from the Candy Store... and they spend \$80,000!

Boy, I wish MY wife could stretch a buck like that!



Hey, we're stopping at **Sol Beanstalk's** apartment! I've been wanting to get something on him for years!

Yeah! They say he's a big bank-roller of illicit narcotics!

Who cares about that!? He's **Jewish!** That's what galls me! I don't know why those Jews don't go back to **Jewland** where they came from!

You know, Cock-eye! Sometimes you sound like a **bigot!**

Listen, I don't have any love for them **Bigots**, either! If I had my way, every one of **THEM** would be sent back to **Bigotland** where **THEY** came from!

And what is the purpose of your visit to America, Mr. **Dapperbeaux?**

I have come from France to drive my custom-built **Mark III Lincoln Continental** into **Brooklyn** where I will park it in the worst run-down section of the waterfront!

Yes, but what's the connection??

Gee, I was hoping **YOU** guys would know?

Okay, this is a **raid!** I want all the goodies on the counter!

Gee, Cockeye, why can't you come through the front door just once! This is the fourth plate glass window you've busted this month!

Boy, there are more pills, needles and drugs on that counter than in the last place Cockeye busted!!

Where was that?

The **Upjohn Pharmaceutical Company!**

Hey, **Spade!** Haven't seen you in a **Coon's** age! How's my little **Black-Eyed Pea?**

You talkin' to me?

Don't get cute with me, **Sambo**, or I might start some name-calling!

Hey, Man! You got a dime to lend me for the **John . . . ?**

Wait, I'll open it for you!

Okay! (**SOCK!**) No one can hear us now! (**PUNCH!**) So what's the word?

There's a big shipment due!

When? (**SLAM!**)

Soon! Maybe this week!

How much? (**CRACK!**)

I dunno! (**OOOF!**) A lot!

Now I'm gonna knock you back outside with one last shot! Thanks for the info! You're really a friend . . .

Thank God I'm a **FRIEND!** I'd hate to see the way he treats his **ENEMIES!**

But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm sure I'm on to something **BIG!**

Cockeye, the last time you were on to something big, you cost the Department \$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent . . . !

Yeah, but last time, I just had a "feeling"! This time, I got a real "HUNCH"!

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a Fed to help! Let's see, who won't I miss if he gets shot accidentally??

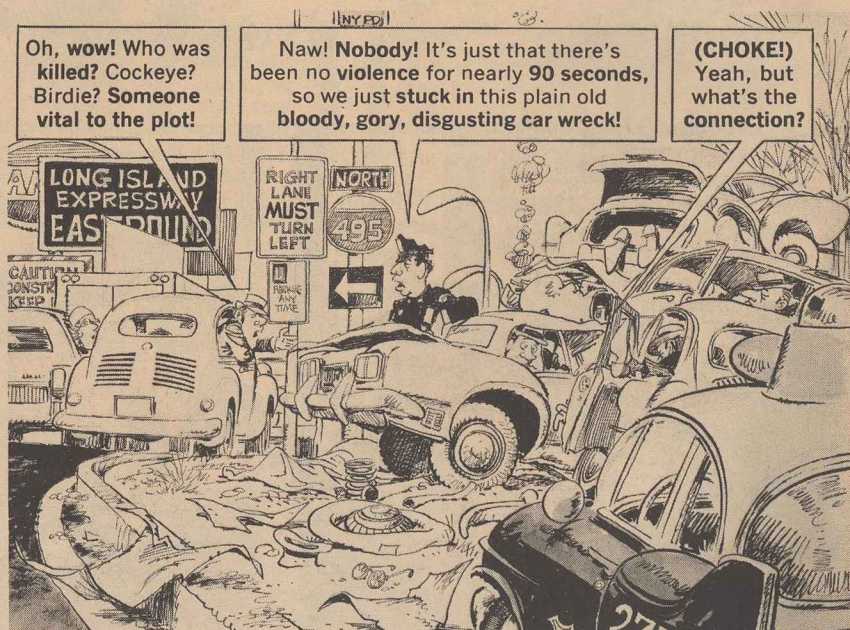
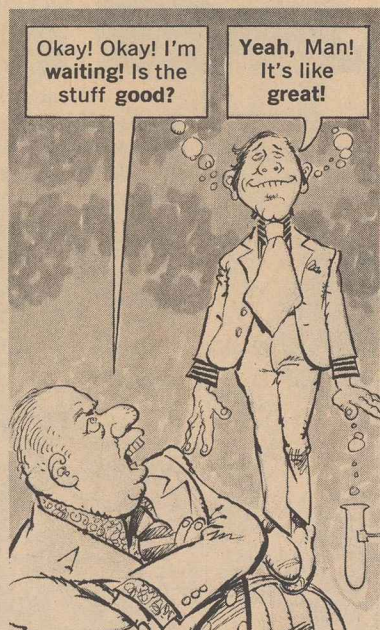
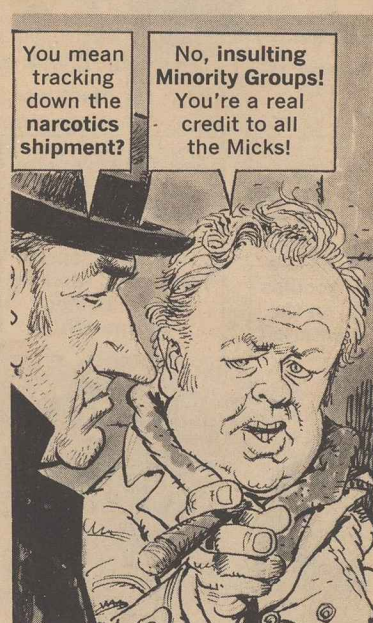
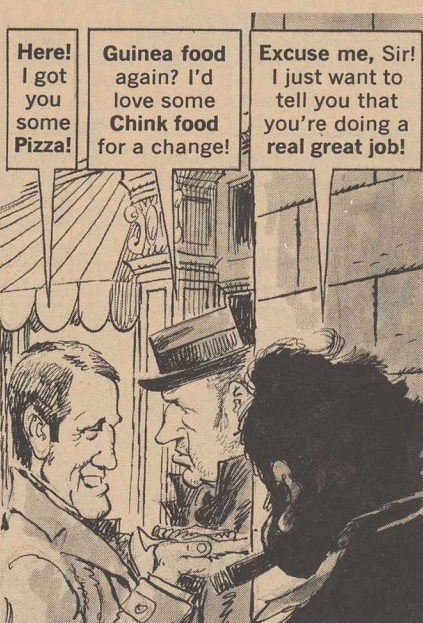
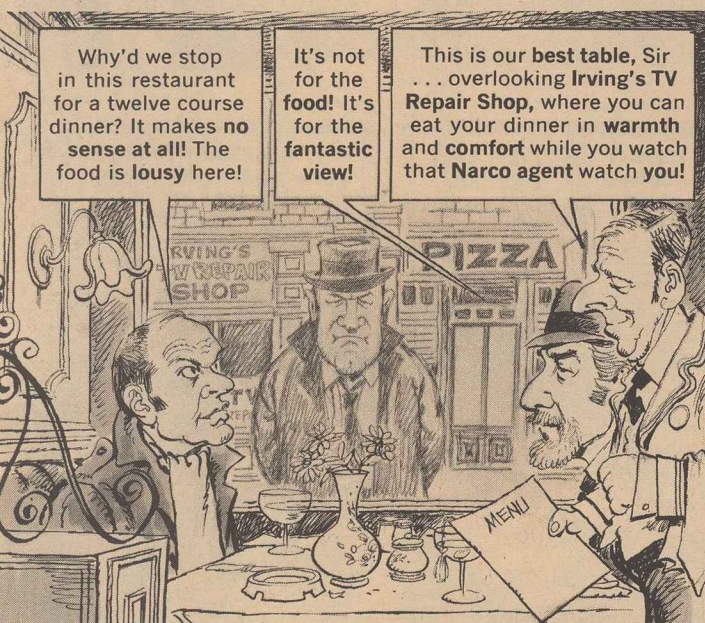
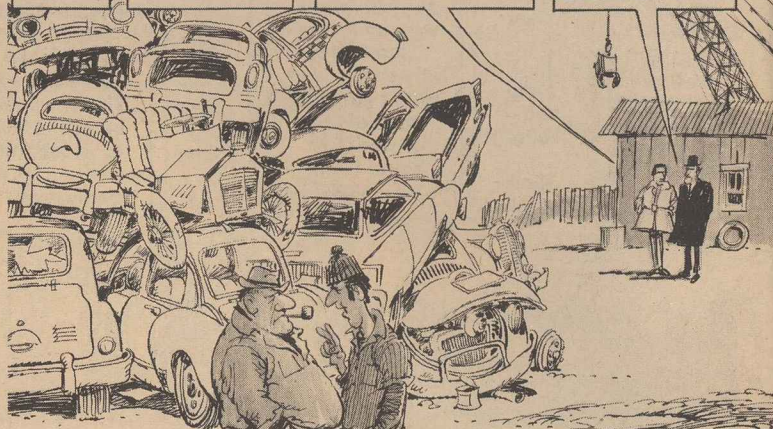
What kind of a place is this, anyway?

It's an Auto Graveyard . . . where they auction off old cars!

See that guy in the black hat? He's our agent! He's bidding on a beat-up wreck of an old car for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just one more question?

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???





EEEEEEK! EEEEEK!
Someone's shooting
at us! Oh, my God!
Look! There's a
sniper on the roof!

Boy, I sure wish
they'd go back to
Sniperland where
they came from ...
those lousy Snipes!

When you get finished
with your ethnic slurs,
you might chase him!
He just ran up and got
on the Elevated Train!

**POW!
POW!**

Thanks for the tip ... Kike!

**STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY!
I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!**

SCREECH

Aw, c'mon,
guy! Take
somebody
else's car!
I want to
chase him!

Tough! You had
your chance in
"Bullit"! Now
it's my turn
to drive like
a crazy idiot!

First a short cut ... through this building ...

Next a quick run down this crowded sidewalk ...

Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection ...

WOOSH

And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!

Now watch this neat maneuver! Just before I hit that young mother and her baby carriage, I swerve! Unfortunately, into a busload of Orphans! But that's their tough luck! Why don't they go back to Orphanland where they came from!?!

Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the checkered flag! Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an American flag!

Here's where you get yours, you crummy Checker-lover!

RRRRRRRR

C'mon, buddy! Put down the gun, will you! These poor people have been held up six times already . . . and we've only gone two stops!!

Don't stop at any station or I'll shoot!

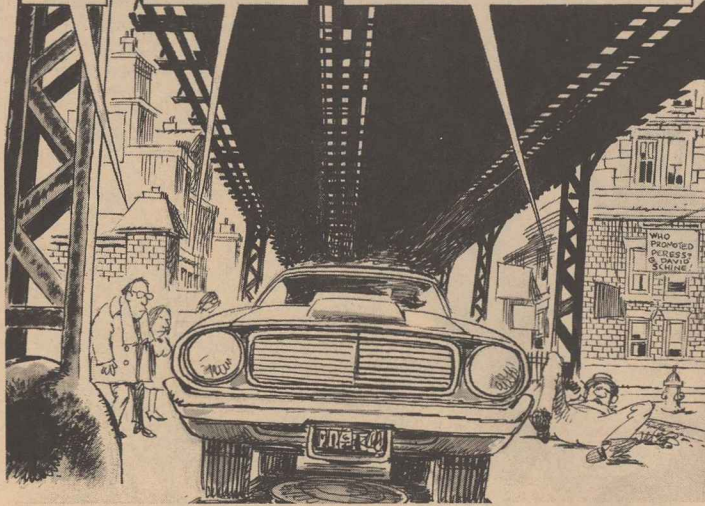
Actually, I hadn't planned to! What do those dumb New Yorkers expect for 35¢ anyway?!? Scheduled stops?!!



What's going on???

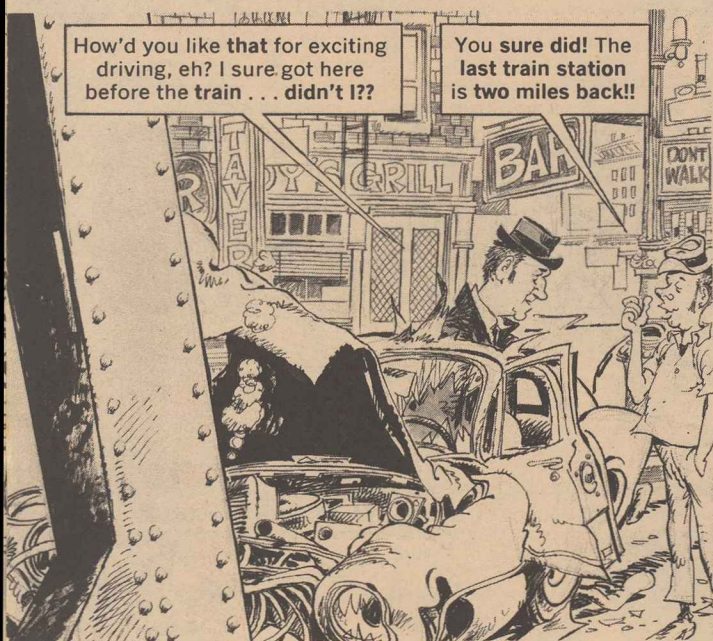
Probably a cop after a wanted criminal!

I sure hope he catches him fast! So far, he's killed 245 innocent law-abiding-citizen bystanders!!



How'd you like *that* for exciting driving, eh? I sure got here before the train . . . didn't I??

You sure did! The last train station is two miles back!!



Take that, you lousy Snipe!

Now you know what it feels like to be shot to death!

Maybe next time, you won't be so quick to try to kill somebody!



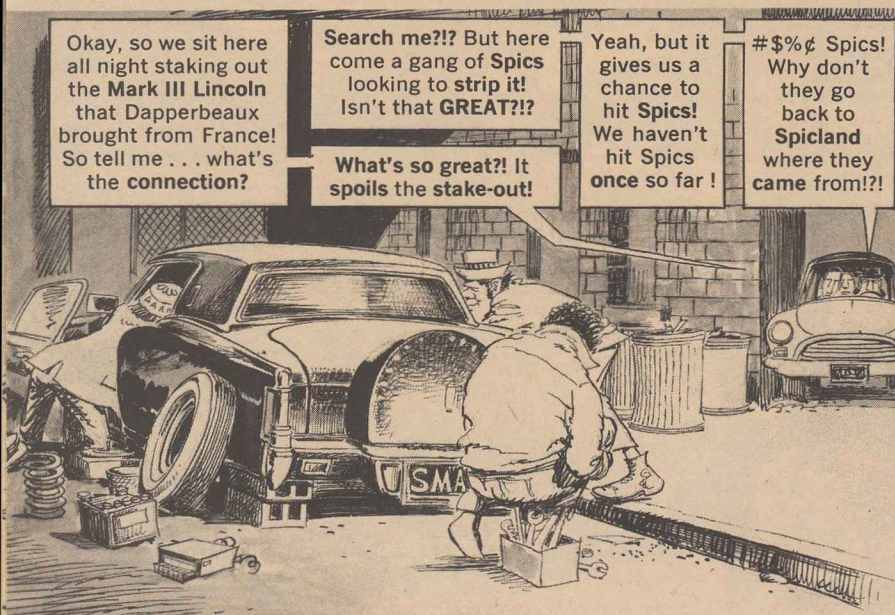
Okay, so we sit here all night staking out the Mark III Lincoln that Dapperbeaux brought from France! So tell me . . . what's the connection?

Search me?!? But here come a gang of Spics looking to strip it! Isn't that GREAT?!?

Yeah, but it gives us a chance to hit Spics! We haven't hit Spics once so far!

#\$\$% Spics! Why don't they go back to Spicland where they came from!?!?

What's so great?! It spoils the stake-out!



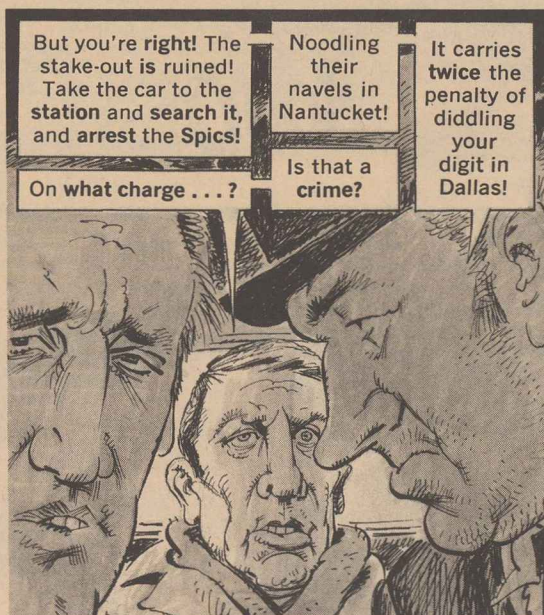
But you're right! The stake-out is ruined! Take the car to the station and search it, and arrest the Spics!

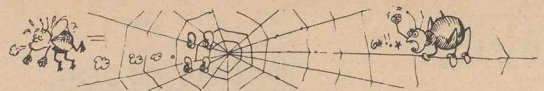
Noodling their navels in Nantucket!

It carries twice the penalty of diddling your digit in Dallas!

On what charge . . . ?

Is that a crime?





Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!

But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?

Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . everything!

Did you look in the trunk?

The trunk?!? No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!

Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . .!

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!

Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in perfect shape!

Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?

No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car?! I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Phew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!

Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!

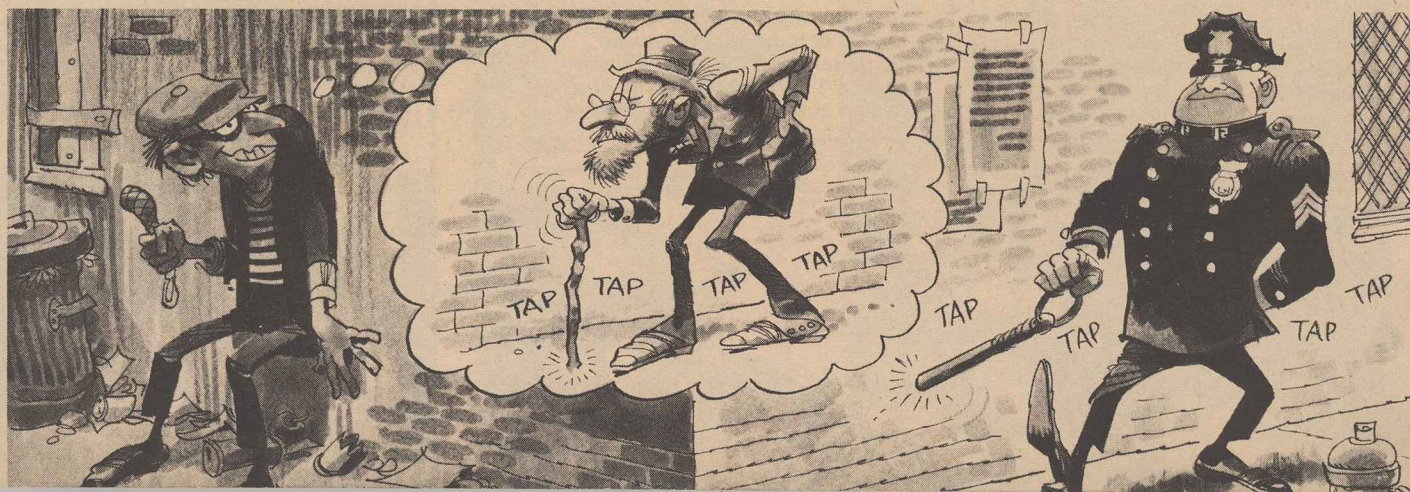
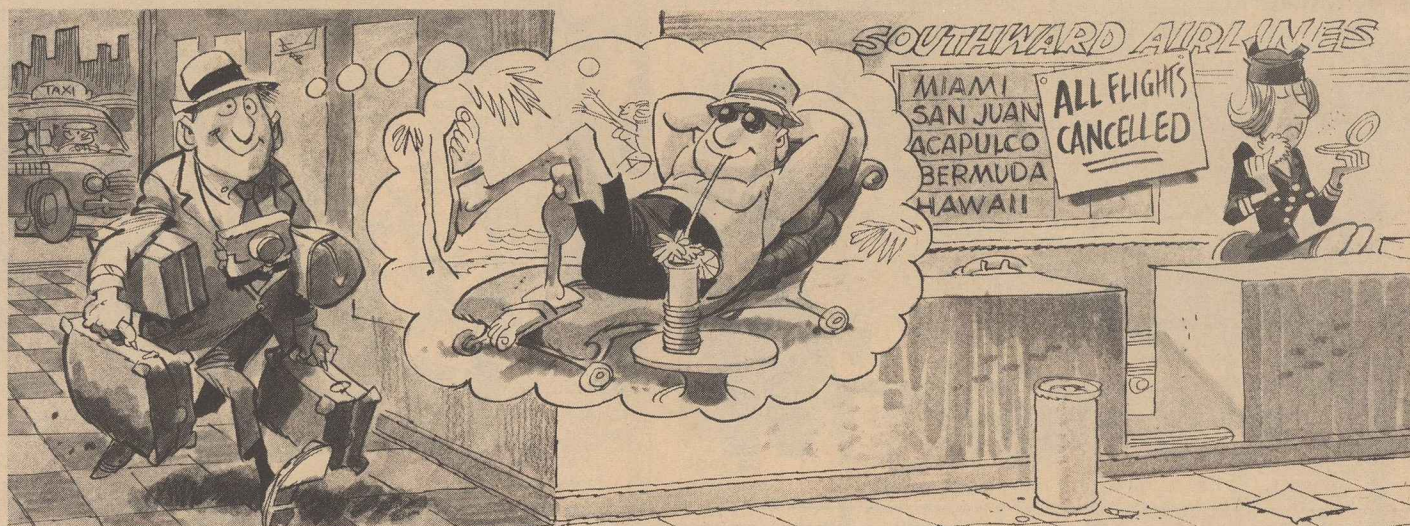
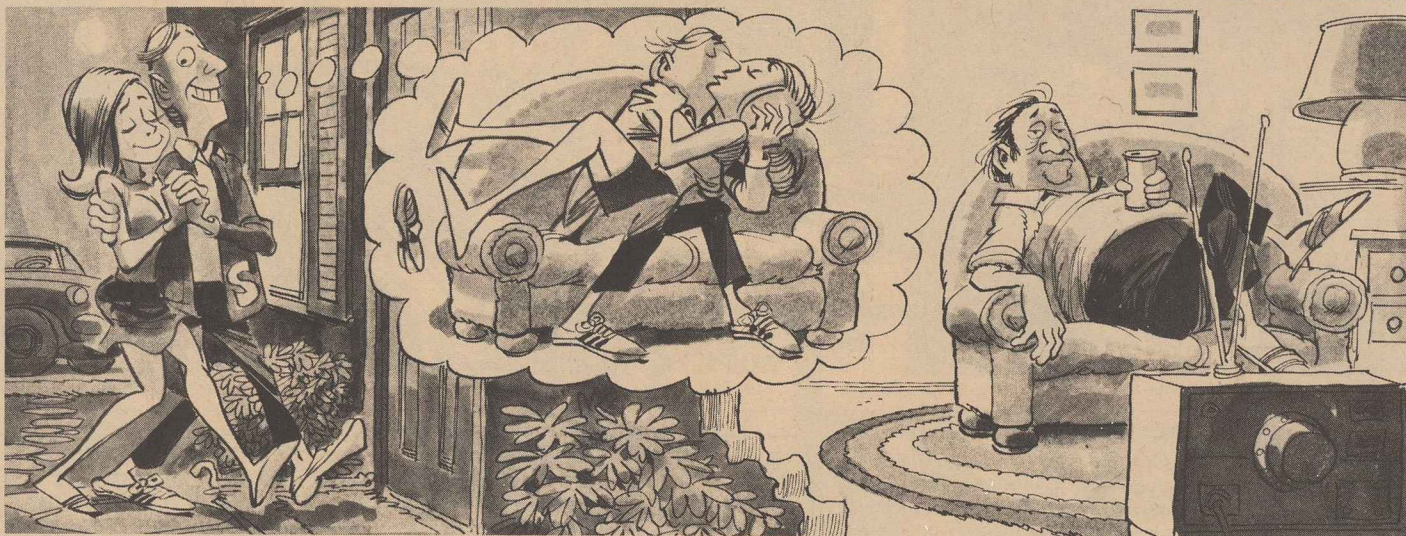
Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

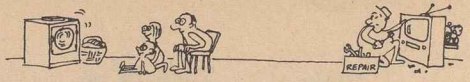
Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .

Yeah, but what's the connection??

WISHFUL

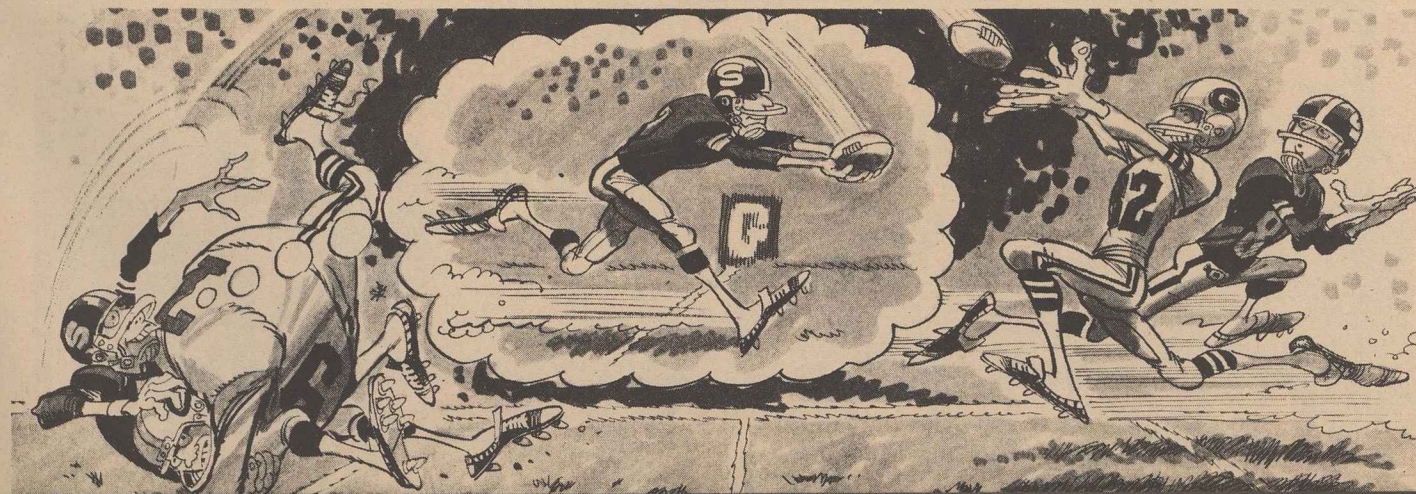
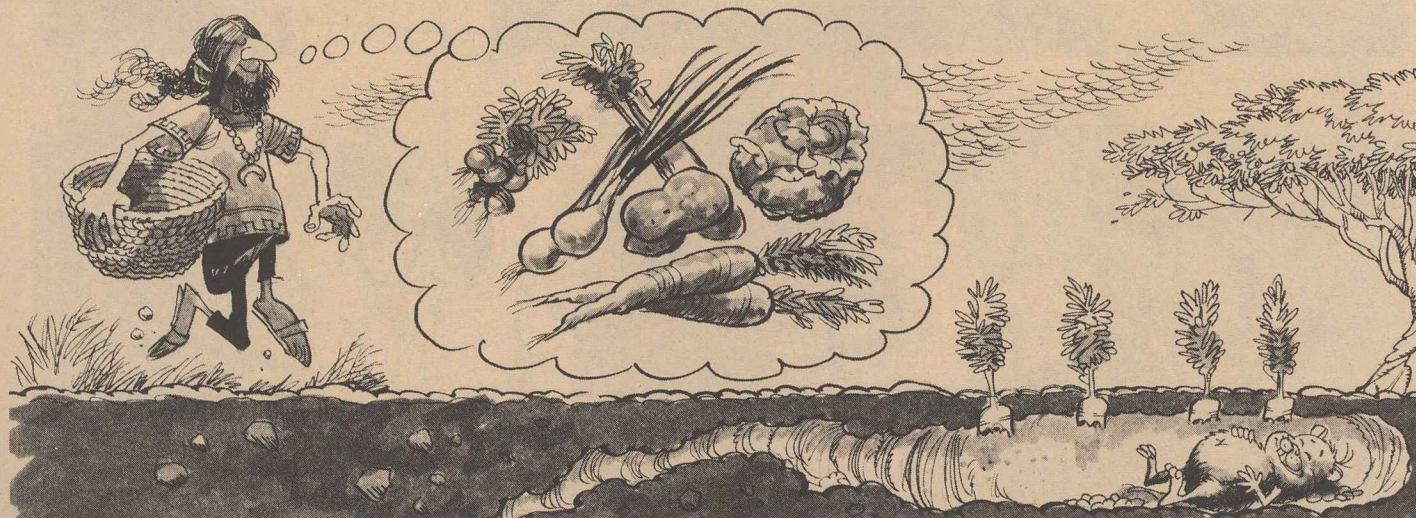
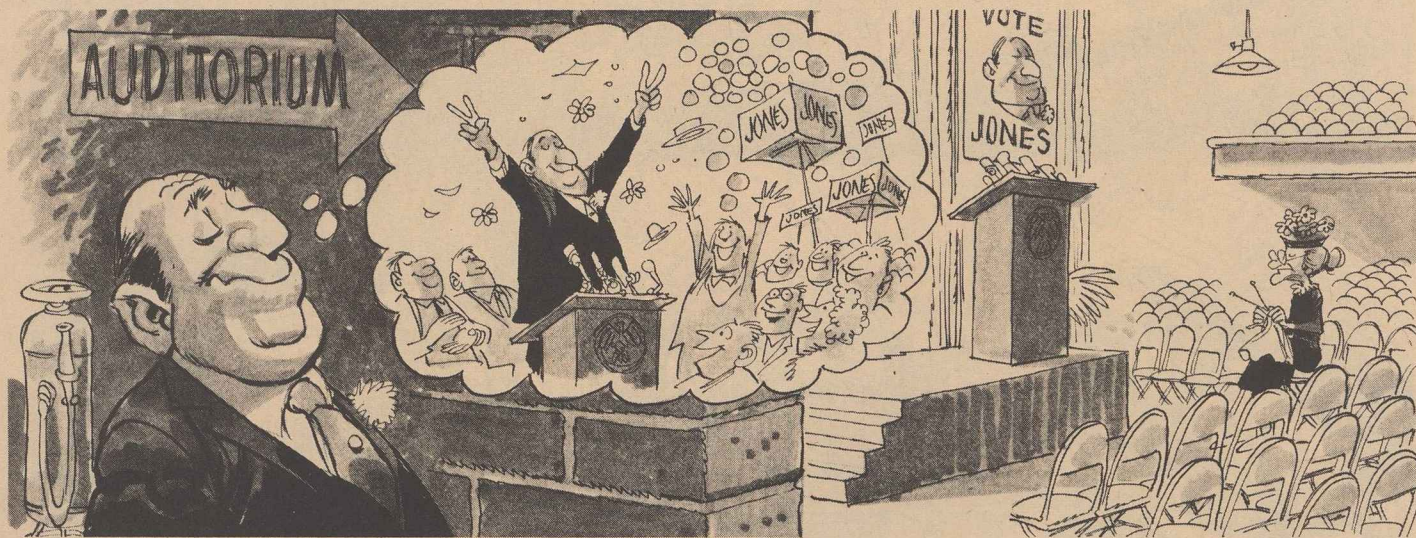
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

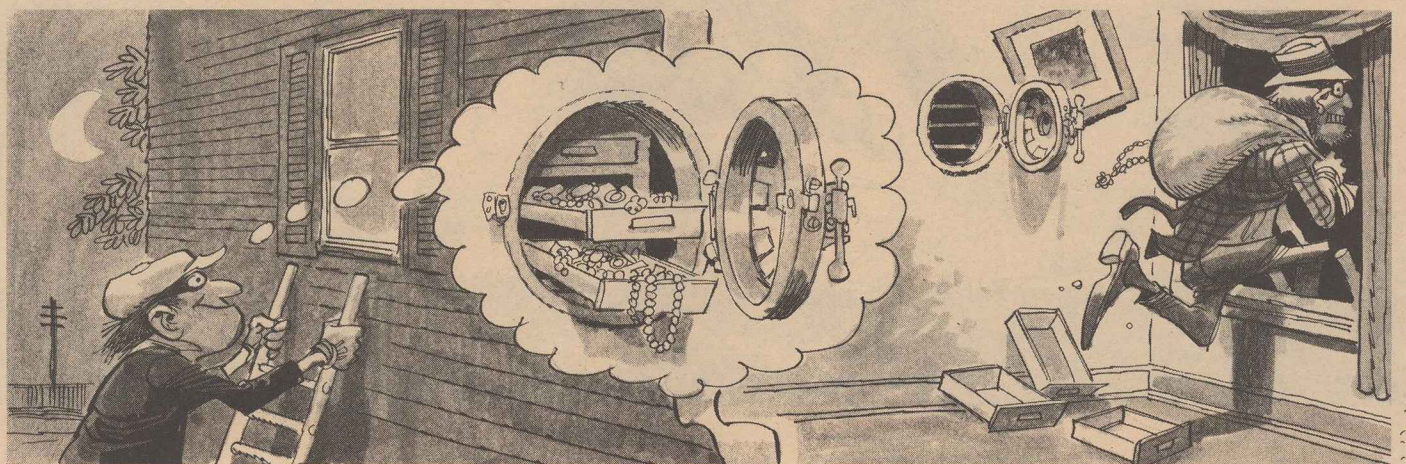
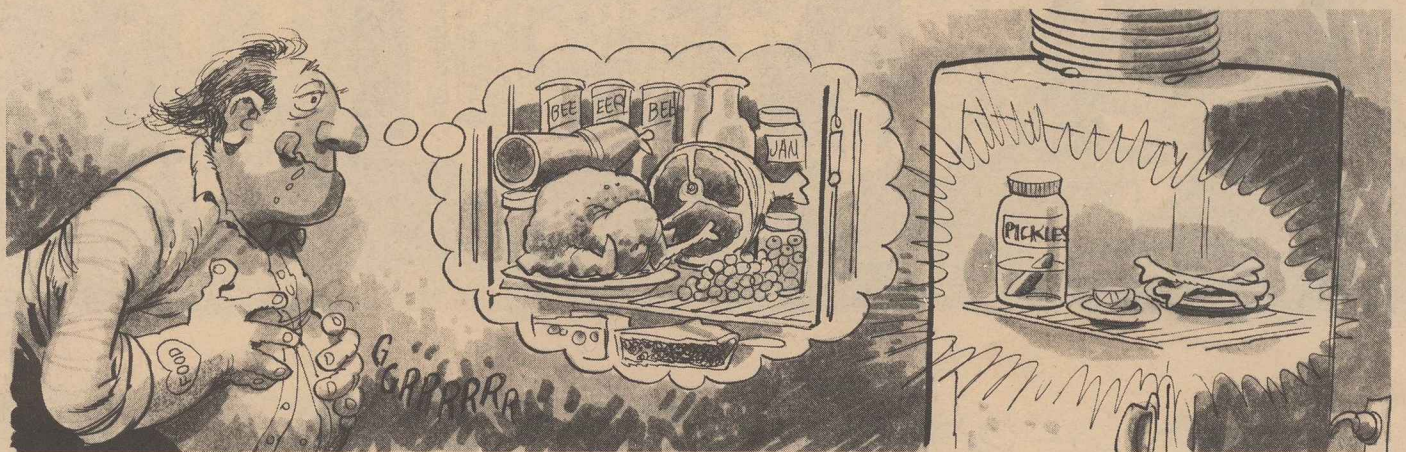
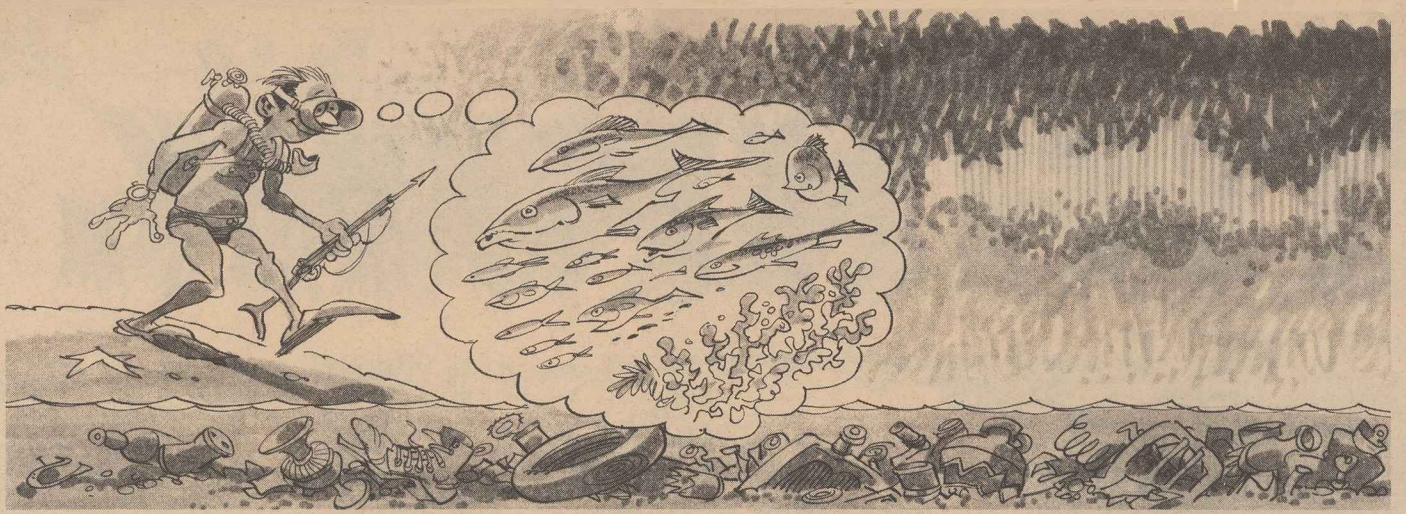


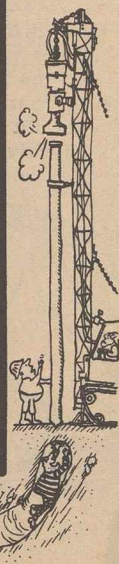
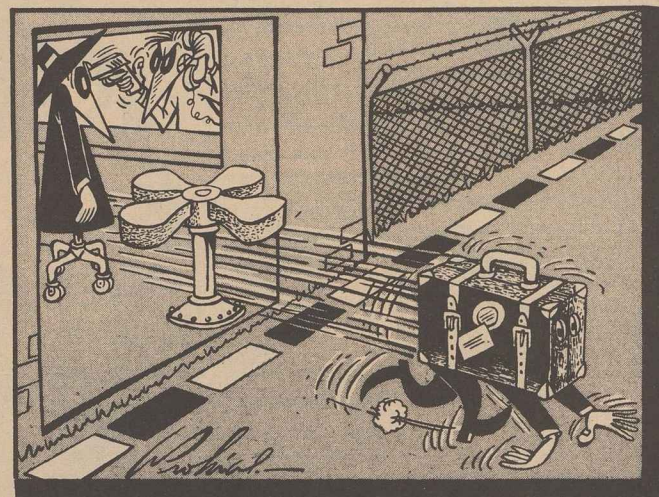
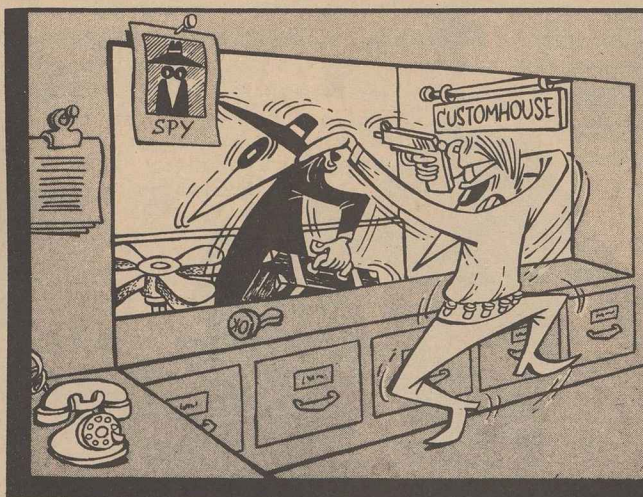
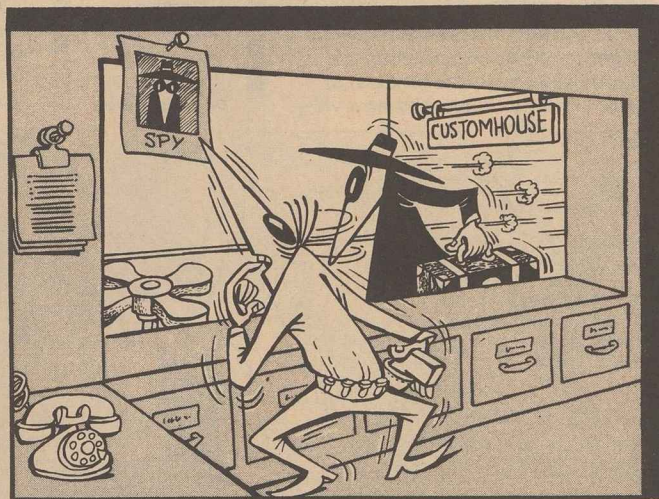
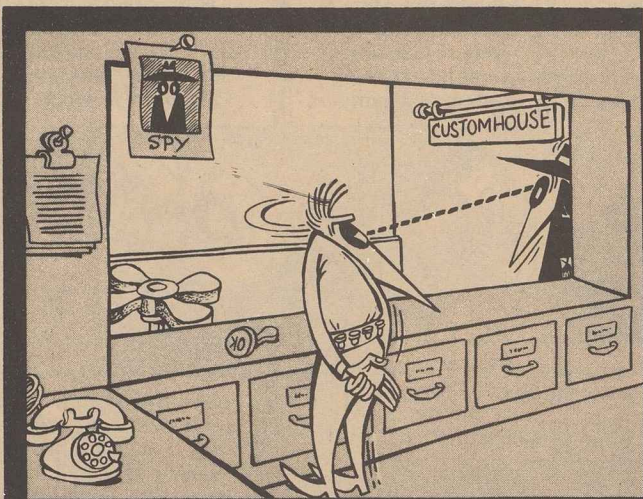
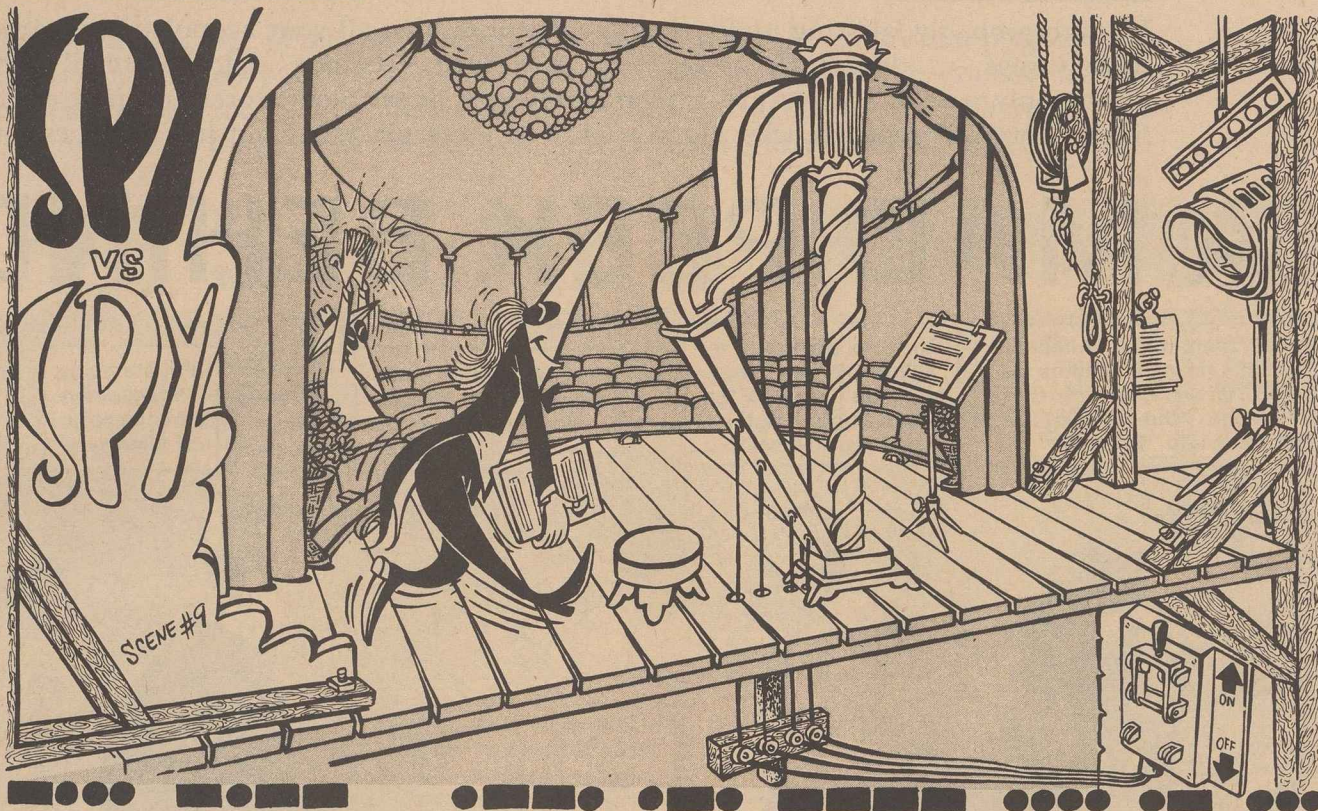


THINKING

WRITER: PAUL PETER FORGES







You are probably laboring under the misconception that all your aggravation is caused by little things . . . like little store clerks and little salesmen and little civil servants. That's only part of the picture. Supermarkets and department stores and post offices are like icebergs. The people who aggravate you in these places are not just the ones you see.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

There's a guy out there mailing **hundreds of letters**, and it's taking him **hours** to sort them out! You know, one into the "Local" slot, one into "Out of Town", one into "Air Mail", one into "Overseas" . . .

Oh, stop! **Stop!** You're killing me! You mean he doesn't know all the slots empty into this one big mail bag!?

There! No, that's not clear enough! **THERE!** No, they still can't read it! . . . **THERE!!**

What are you doing?

I'm stamping "Fragile" on this package of glassware!

" . . . and so, my darling, with my wife going to her mother's house for the week, we can get together and do all those fantastic things we did last month at the motel. Remember, f'rinstance how we—"

Charlie is such a great reader! He should've gone on the stage!

This is the best "Hot Letter" that's come in all year!

I guess I'm spoiled, but after letters like this, I just don't feel like reading postcards anymore!

Okay, okay! Put an **Opened By Mistake** stamp on the envelope, send it off, and let's get back to work!

It's unfair! You can't arrest a guy just for taking up a hobby on office time!

I know, Willoughby, but "Stamp-Collecting"?!?

You're new around here, Hendricks, so there are a few things you have to learn! First of all, the term "Junk Mail" is just an expression . . .

Wow! Sixty-three letters in a row into the Florida bag! That breaks your old record of sixty-one!

It don't count! Most of those letters aren't even addressed to Florida!

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a sore loser!

They're only about 15% of the over-all picture. Actually, there are many other people working secretly and tirelessly behind the scenes to make your lives miserable. And so, in tribute to these un-seen and un-sung heroes, MAD introduces a new feature which opens up a hidden world never before seen by the average clod. In this first installment, we present:

THE SCENES AT THE POST OFFICE

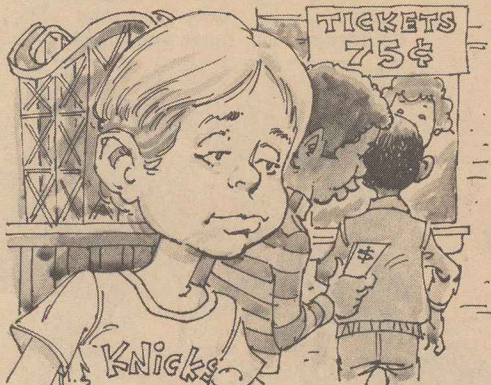


WEARY OF RELATIVITY DEPT.

As Albert Einstein explained, Time is relative. Which means that, sometimes, Time passes faster or slower than other times. You find that hard to believe?

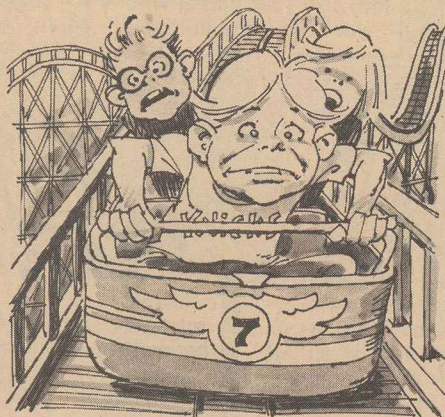
TIME DRAGS...

TIME DRAGS...



...when you're waiting your turn on the roller coaster.

TIME FLIES...



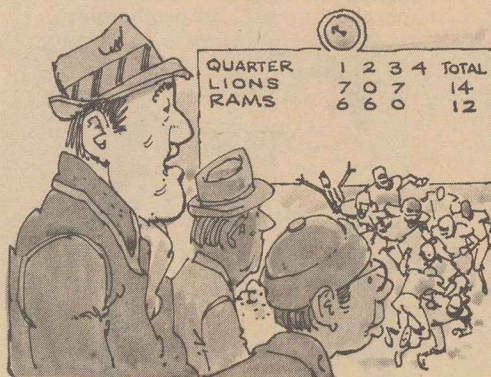
...when you're on the ride.

TIME DRAGS...



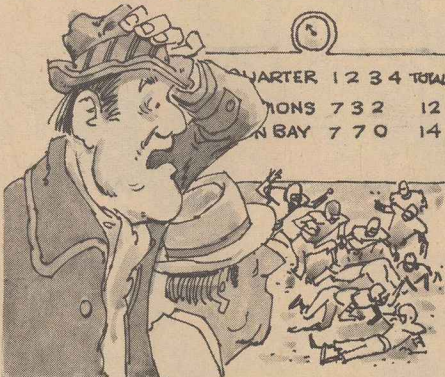
...when you're waiting for your Mother in the Hat Department.

TIME DRAGS...



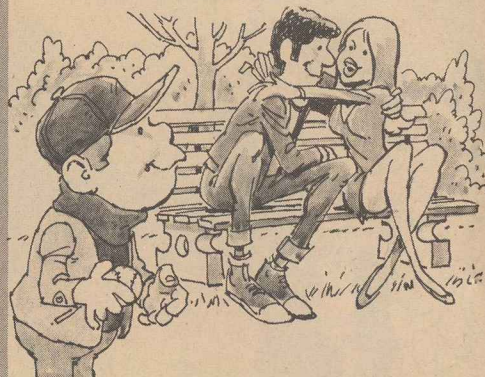
...when your football team is winning by only 2 points.

TIME FLIES...



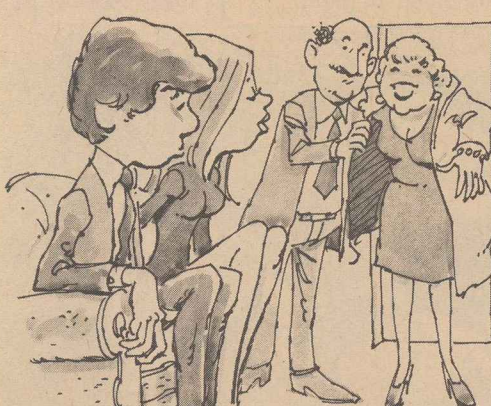
...when your football team is losing by only 2 points.

TIME DRAGS...



...between being a child... and becoming a young adult.

TIME DRAGS...



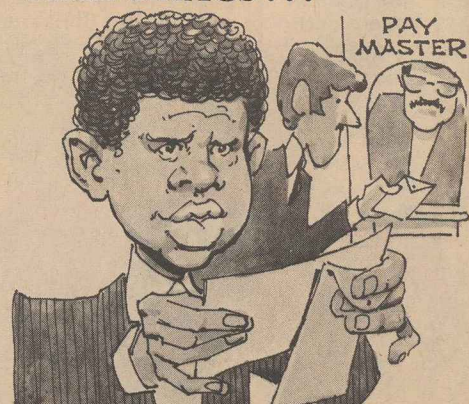
...till her parents go out.

TIME FLIES...



...before they come back.

TIME DRAGS...



...between paychecks.



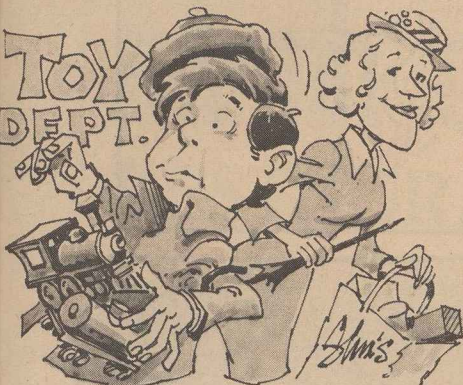
Well, notice how fast Time goes when you're enjoying yourself, as compared to how slow it passes when you're reading a dull article like this one, called . . .

TIME FLIES...

ARTIST:
JACK RICKARD

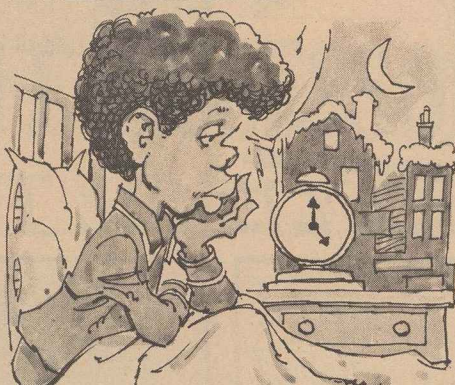
WRITER:
STAN HART

TIME FLIES...



...when your Mother is waiting for you in the Toy Department.

TIME DRAGS...



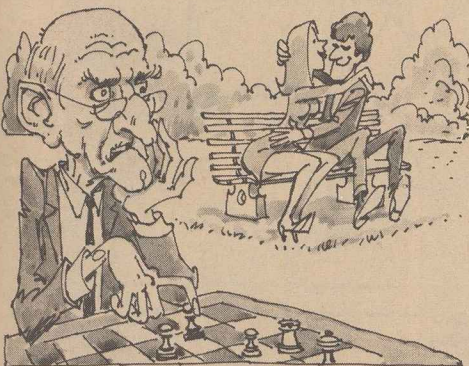
...waiting for Xmas morning, so you can open your presents.

TIME FLIES...



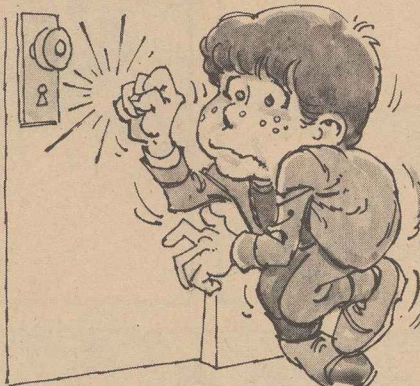
...before they're all broken.

TIME FLIES...



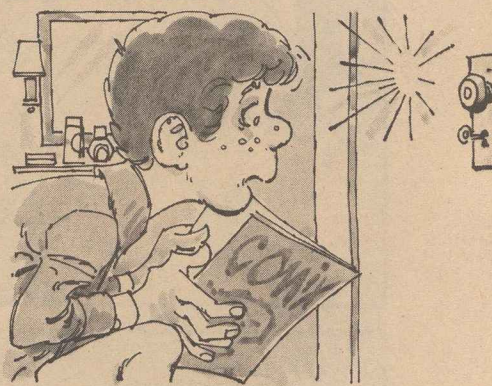
...between being a young adult
...and becoming an old adult.

TIME DRAGS...



...waiting for someone to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



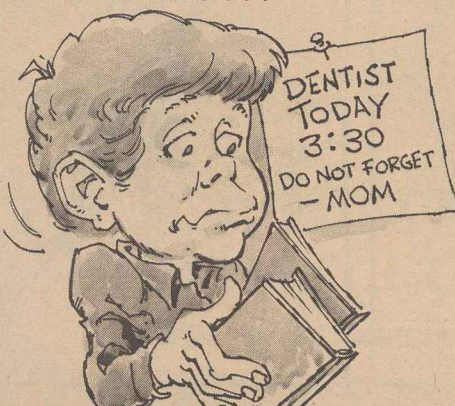
...before someone wants you to get out of the bathroom.

TIME FLIES...



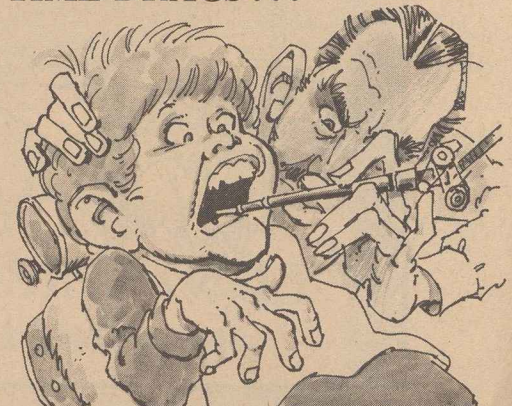
...between bills.

TIME FLIES...

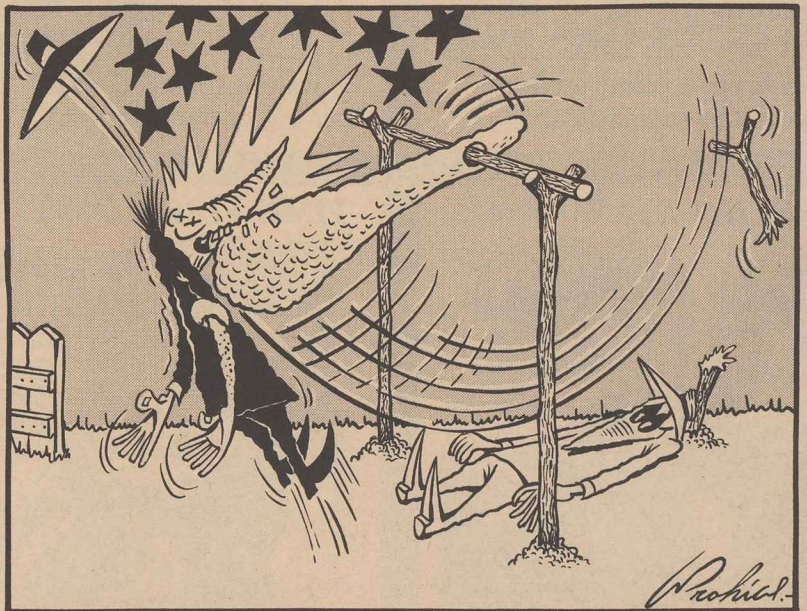
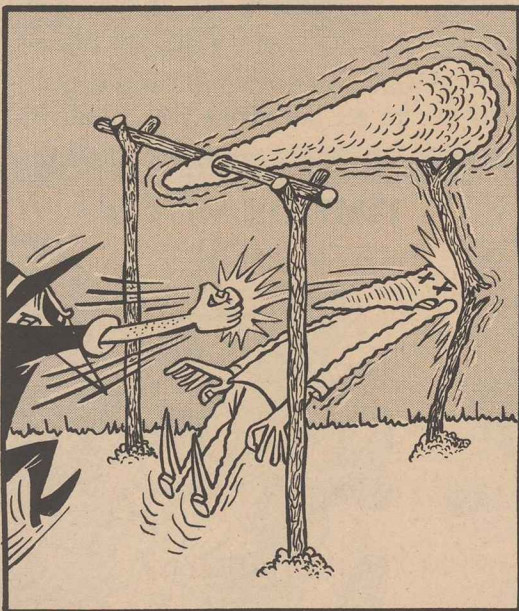
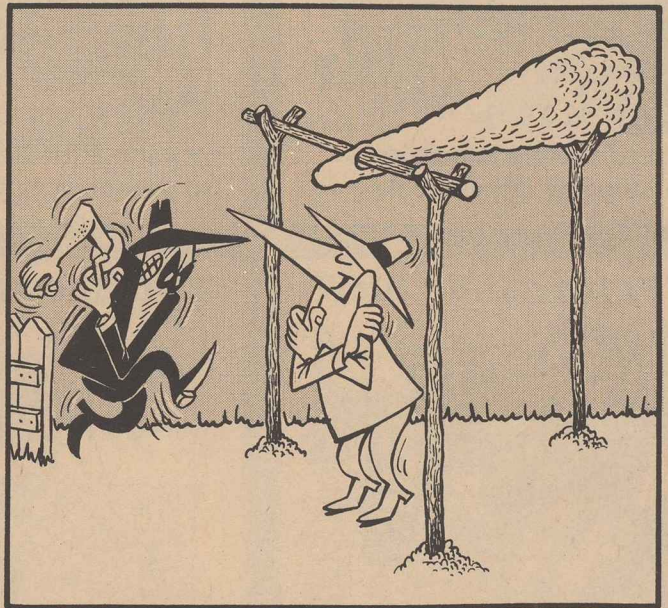
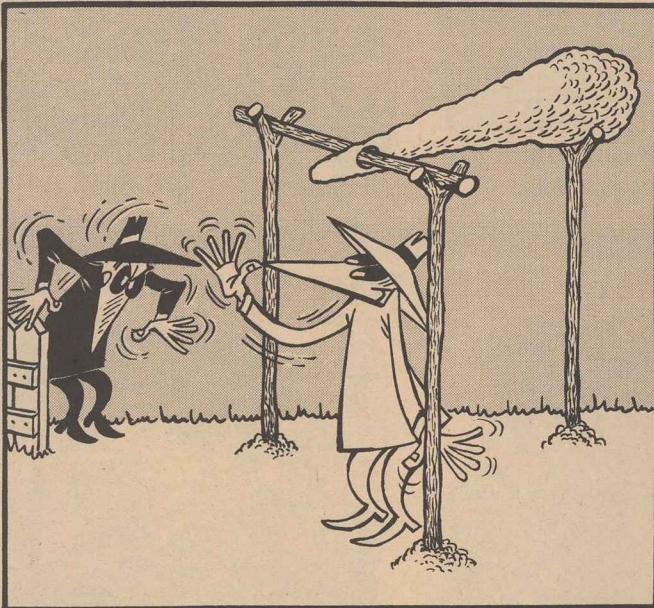
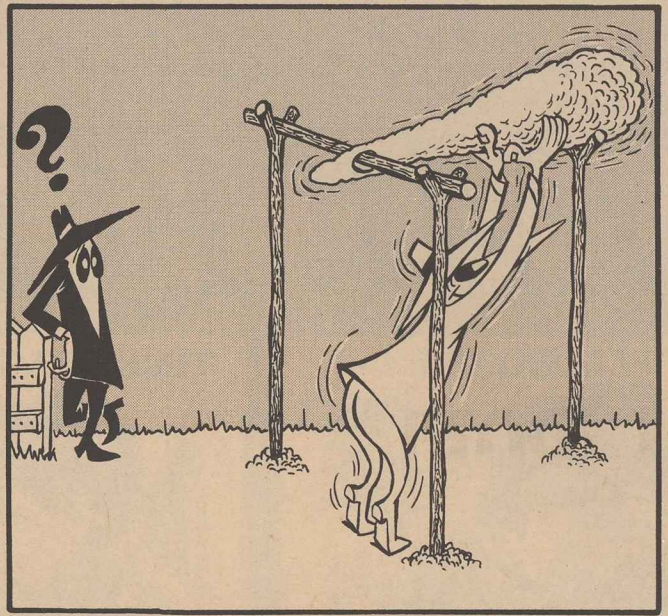
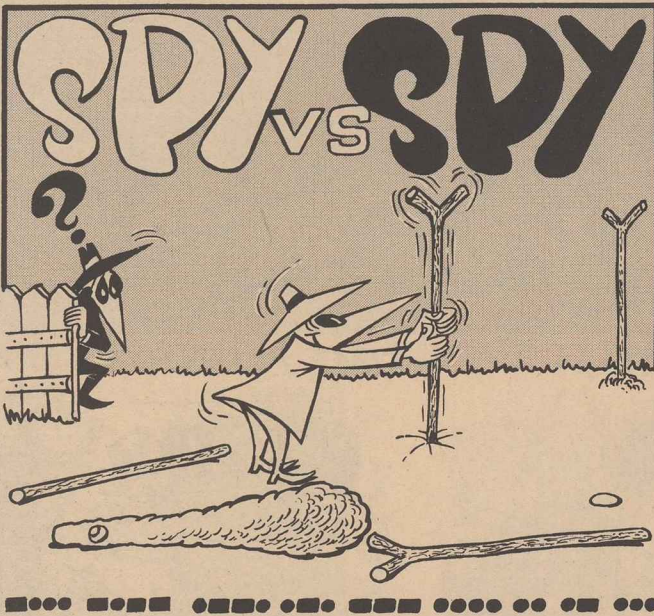


...between Dentist appointments.

TIME DRAGS...



...when he's drilling your tooth.



AMBIANCE CHASERS DEPT.

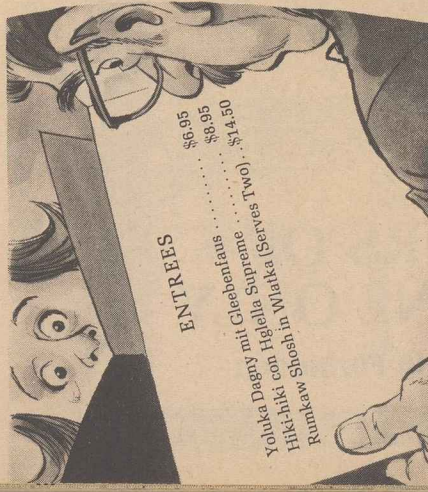
Has it ever struck you as peculiar that the restaurants which seem to be the most fashionably "in" are the very same ones that offer the shabbiest service and lousiest food at the highest conceivable prices? Well, it always struck us as peculiar, until one recent day when the mailman delivered a damaging little catalogue to the MAD office by mistake. Now, we suddenly understand how the whole beastly system works. It's all based on the assumption by owners of exclusive dining spots that we are a nation of incorrigible snobs, hopeless masochists and complete idiots. If you don't believe it, you really ought to get a look at this catalogue. Of course, you probably wouldn't be able to get one because it's full of horrifying trade secrets that laymen are never supposed to find out. So, in order to satisfy your curiosity and put you on your guard, here is . . .

RIPOFF CAFE ACCESSORIES, INC. RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

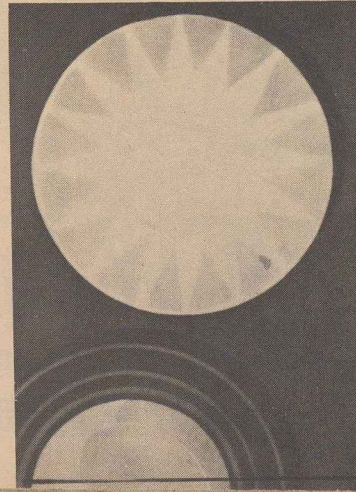


ENTRÉES

Yoluka Dagny mit Gleebeftaus \$6.95
Hiki-hiki con Higelala Supreme \$8.95
Runkaw Shoshin Wlatka (Serves Two) \$14.50

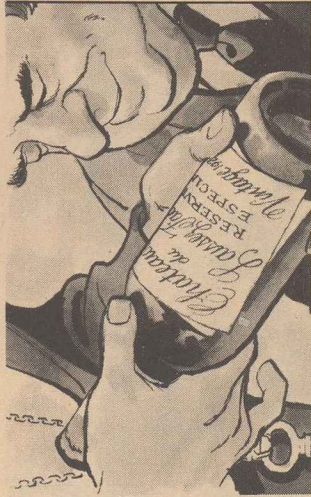
MENUS IN OBSCURE FOREIGN LANGUAGES silence customer complaints forever! After all, who can squawk about your rotten food, high prices and mixed-up orders when patrons don't know whether they're getting what they asked for. Listed entrées are all sheep brains or hog liver exotically described in Albanian, Navajo and Nepalese.

44287—GARBLED GARBAGE DINNER MENUS \$15.25 doz.



OPTICAL ILLUSION DINNER PLATES enable you to serve skimpier portions at even higher prices. Cleverly designed sunburst pattern makes smaller plates look at least as large as the old fashioned standard size, especially to customers who are half bombed. Yet new style holds 50% less food. You'll cut costs without risking howls of protest with these diminutive beauties.

47651—BIG LITTLE DINNER PLATES \$17.50 doz.

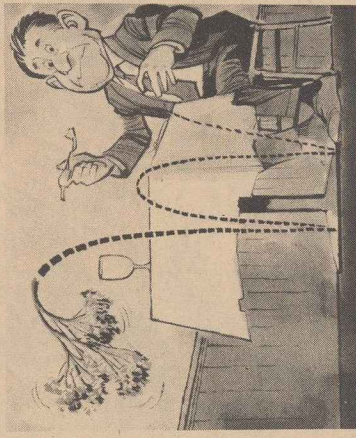


IMPORTED WINE LABELS cost considerably less than imported wine. Yet snob appeal to customers who don't know what they're drinking anyway allows you to charge your usual exorbitant price. Easy paste-on labels are amply large enough to cover those of any cheap domestic brand you serve. Help relieve our national balance of payments deficit while you're helping yourself to enormous profits.

5622—ASSORTED FRENCH WINE LABELS \$6.50 per gross

5623—ASSORTED ITALIAN WINE LABELS \$3.75 per gross

5624—ASSORTED POLISH WINE LABELS 69¢ per gross



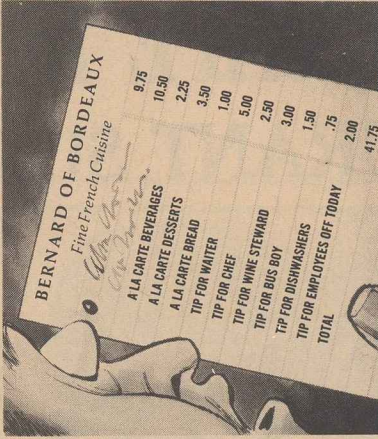
STOP WASTING MONEY on parsley sprigs, frilly radishes and similar decorative food that nobody ever eats. Unlike rubber garnishes are equally effective for maintaining your ritzy reputation, yet they can be rinsed off and used again and again. (Not recommended for vegetarian restaurants catering to health freaks.)

5663—SHERWIN WILLIAM BRAND HIGH-GLOSS TABLE GARNISH \$8.49 qt.



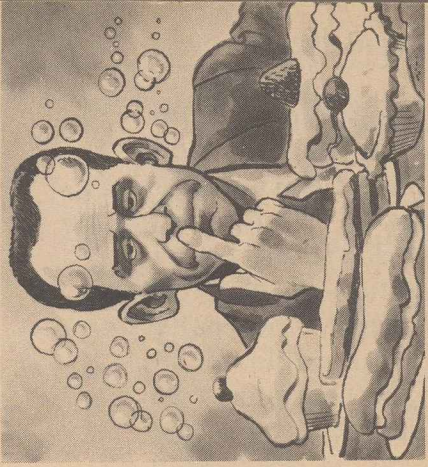
GLEAMING BRASS CHAFING DISH helps justify your \$4.50 cheeseburgers by requiring three waiters to melt the cheese at patron's table. Also impressive for warming up pancakes left over from breakfast and selling them as crêpes suzettes at dinner. Heating mechanism operates on kerosene handily packaged in used brandy bottles. (Available at extra cost.)

56911—"PRETTY HOT STUFF" BRAND CHAFING DISH \$24.95



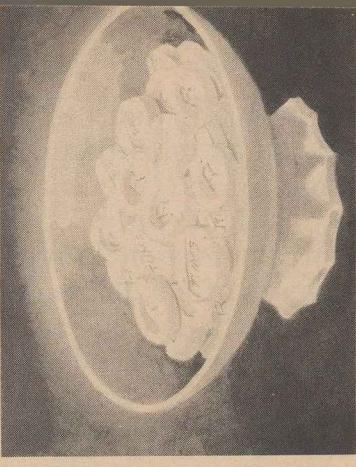
PRE-ADDED CHECKS eliminate your risk of losing money due to faulty addition. Also aids diners in remembering to tip all of your underpaid employees who need the cash badly. Checks are virtually inflation-proof as printed prices already reflect the increases you plan to make next year.

12709—"SUPERCHARGE" BRAND PRE-ADDED DINNER CHECKS \$75 per 1,000



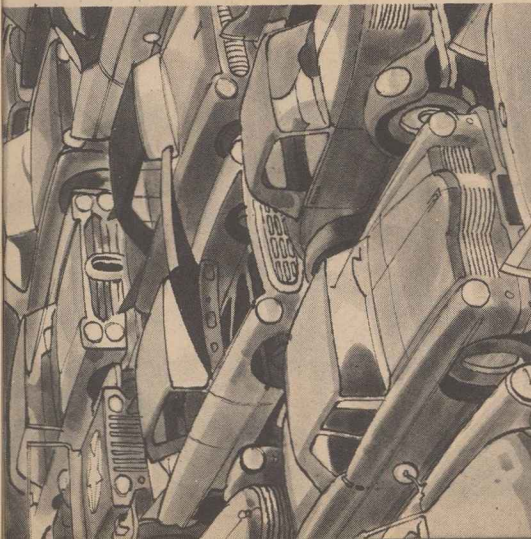
SUMPTUOUS PASTRY CART GOODIES often draws flies in restaurants lacking kitchen window screens and proper insect control. That's why we've fashioned these fake mocha tortes and éclairs from dark brown laundry soap. Let patrons make their selections from this authentic looking display before serving them chocolate Twinkies at \$1.75 each. Soap can be used later for your monthly linen laundering.

4866—SUDSY SWEETS \$4.75 doz.



BICARBONATE OF SODA MINTS. Let after-dinner mints create a more pleasing final touch to your meals than the heartburn normally created by your greasy food. Use of sugary menthol spray has added so much phony flavoring that patrons will never dream they really eating antacid tablets. Also ideal for employees who forget to bring their lunch from home.

38117—STOMACH SAVER AFTER DINNER MINTS \$2.69 lb.



FILL YOUR PARKING LOT with abandoned cars to give the place that jam-packed look, even when there are no customers inside. These vehicles are not tell-tale total wrecks, but merely stripped down pre-1960 models with engines removed for easier towing to your location. Guaranteed to impress the few patrons you do have by making them walk several blocks to begin waiting for a table.

4793—UNRECONDITIONED BUT PARKABLE USED CARS

\$695.00 doz.
(Specify type desired: Sick Studebakers, Dead DeSotos, Crippled Corvairs)

DROWN OUT NAUSEATING KITCHEN SMELLS with tempting canned aroma of better food than you serve. There's never a need to replace old cooking grease or incompetent fry cooks once you've spritzed your dining area with one of these mouth watering essences. Prompts patrons to order what they think they smell, and minimize gagging on what they actually get.

27388—"YUMMY DUMMY" BRAND FOOD SMELL (Large Cans)\$11.50 doz.

(Specify aroma desired: Hickory Smoked Ribs, Broiled Lobster, Sweet & Sour Cantonese.)

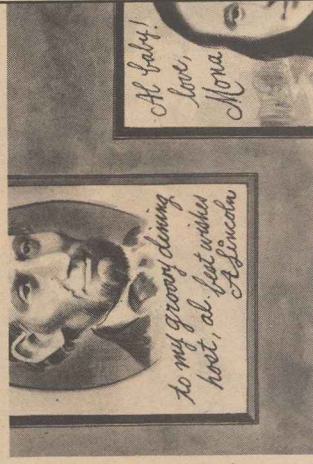
TWO-WATT LIGHT BULBS save precious energy. Namely the precious energy you'd waste dusting furniture and vacuuming carpets if lights were bright enough for diners to see the filth. Dim illumination also provides more romantic atmosphere for patrons, and more hiding places for waiters.

8149—DISMAL ELECTRIC "FAINT-GLO" LIGHT BULBS\$61.75 gross

PERSONALLY INSCRIBED CELEBRITY PHOTOS tell the world you cater to big shots. We supply pictures in one dozen lots to fill your walls with simulated adoration. Each photo is personally autographed by our experienced staff of forgery experts. Freedom from lawsuits guaranteed, as all depicted celebrities have been dead for at least five years.

4756—GENUINELY PHONY AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES\$9.75 doz.

4756-A—DE LUXE SET WITH FRAMES AND PICTURE HOOKS\$47.50 doz.



PRE-FILLED RESERVATION BOOK enables you to impress newly arrived patrons while you keep them waiting. Prominent names of your imaginary clientèle printed in large, bold script for all to see at a glance. Ideal for herding would-be diners into the bar without complaint to buy expensive drinks as they beg for one of your many empty tables.

8755—BIG NAME—BIG PROFIT RESERVATION BOOK\$11.95



COCKROACH CAMOUFLAGE CARPET DESIGN tricks even the most eagle-eyed diner into believing that real insects are merely part of the rug pattern. Totally eliminates costly exterminator fees. May even convince Health Department inspectors to let you keep your license, assuming they never go into the kitchen.

4722—"EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS" BRAND CARPETING\$14.50 per square yd.

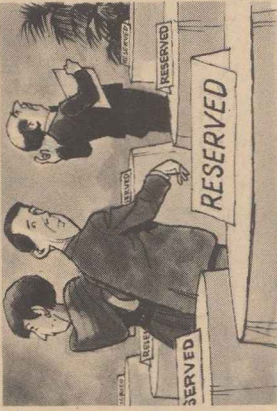


TINY DINING TABLES let your head waiter dole out fitting punishment to those who fail to tip him. These little horrors put more money in your pocket, too, as they can easily be squeezed behind kitchen doors, into rest room alcoves and similar nooks you once considered unusable. Handy 14-square-inch size lets you seat 200 in a dining room designed for 50.

1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES

1838—ODDLY WOBBLY CHAIRS FOR ITTY-BITTY TABLES\$69.95 ea.

1837—ITTY-BITTY DINING TABLES\$49.95 pr.



STOP PATRONS FROM WHINING when you seat them close to the kitchen for the convenience of your waiters. Boldly lettered "RESERVED" signs placed on desirable empty tables convince diners that they're lucky to be seated anywhere. High quality signs are printed in large type with luminous ink for easy visibility, even when kitchen grease fires fill the room with smoke.

23738—ATTENTION GRABBER RESERVATION SIGNS\$3.50 doz.

RESERVATIONS

7:00—Kissinger—(party of 6)

Hughes (party of 1)

7:15 Hefner (party of 83)

7:30 Sinatra (party of 4)

Sinatra Bodyguard (party of 12)

7:45 Rockefeller Family Russian

7:00 Ford (party of 2)

8:00 Gen. Motors

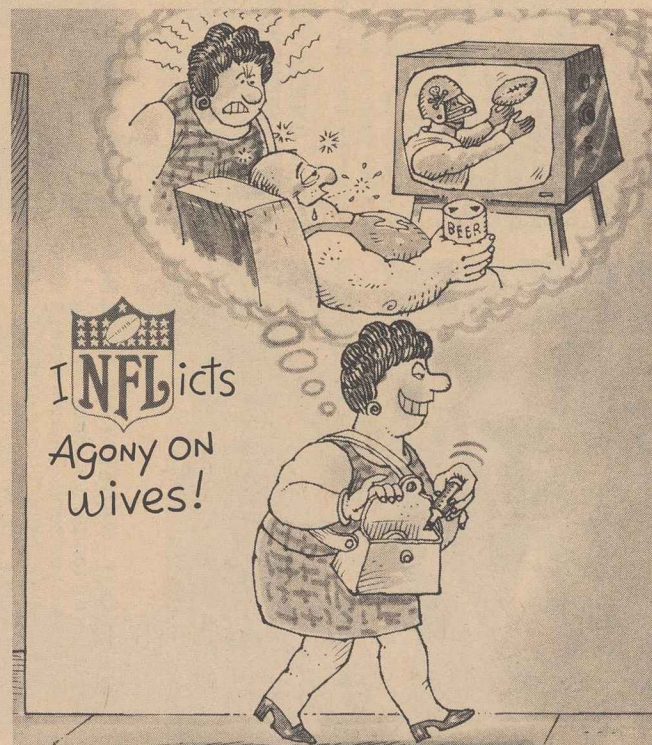
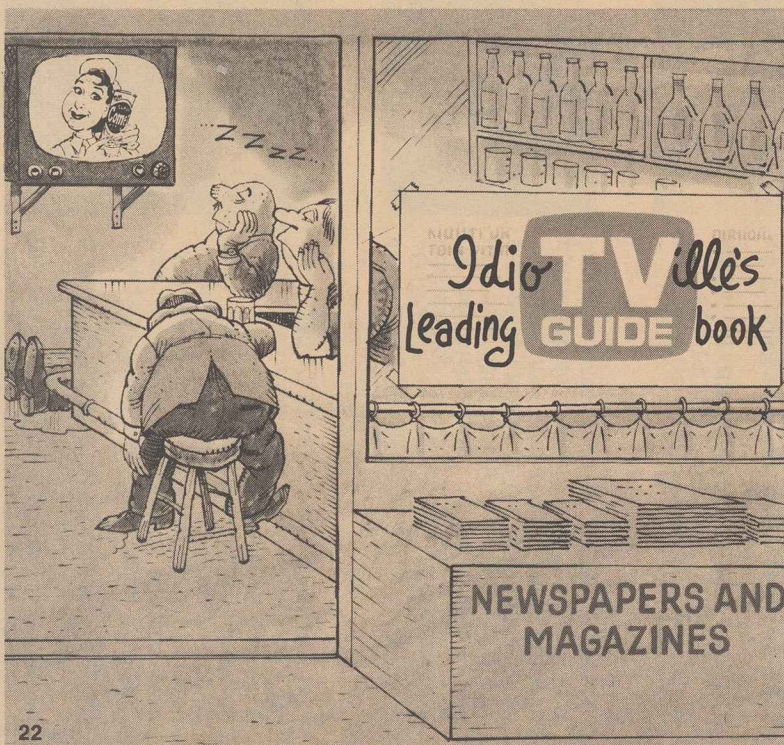
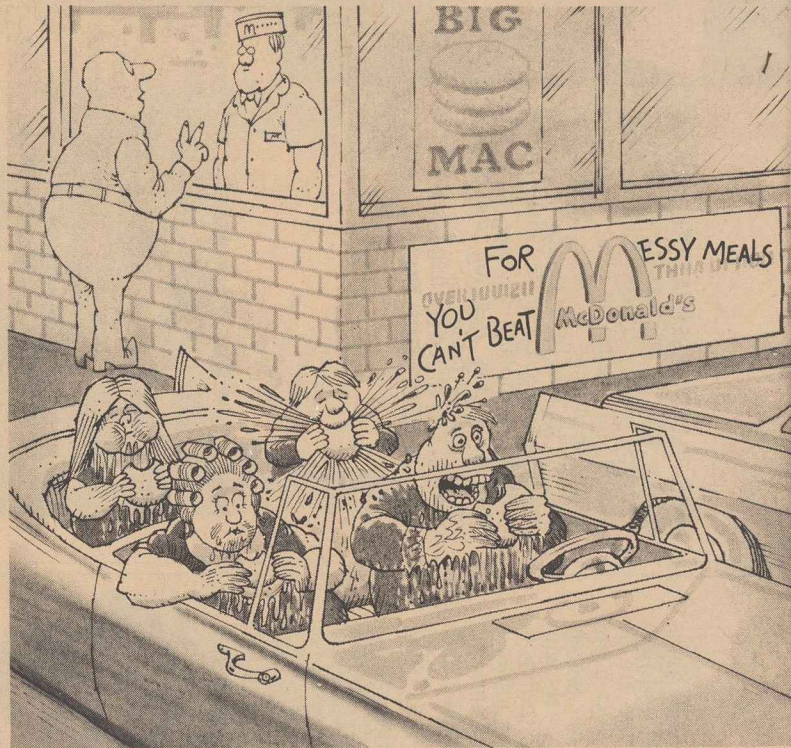
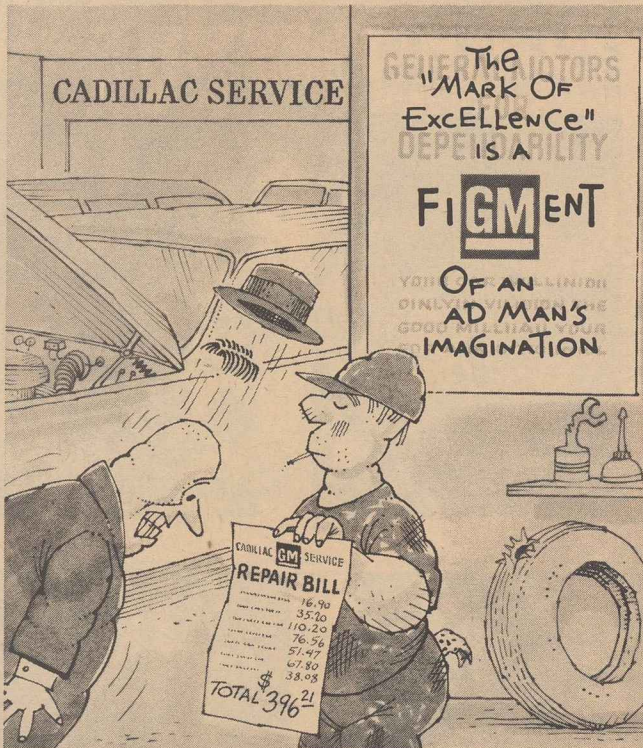
8:15 Chrysler

8:20

8:30

Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available public surface. We at

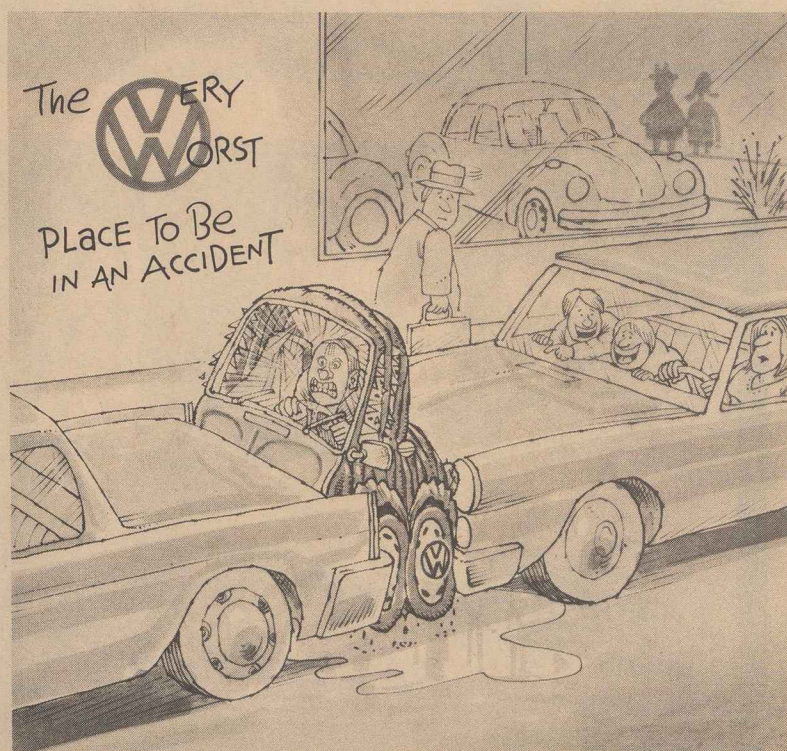
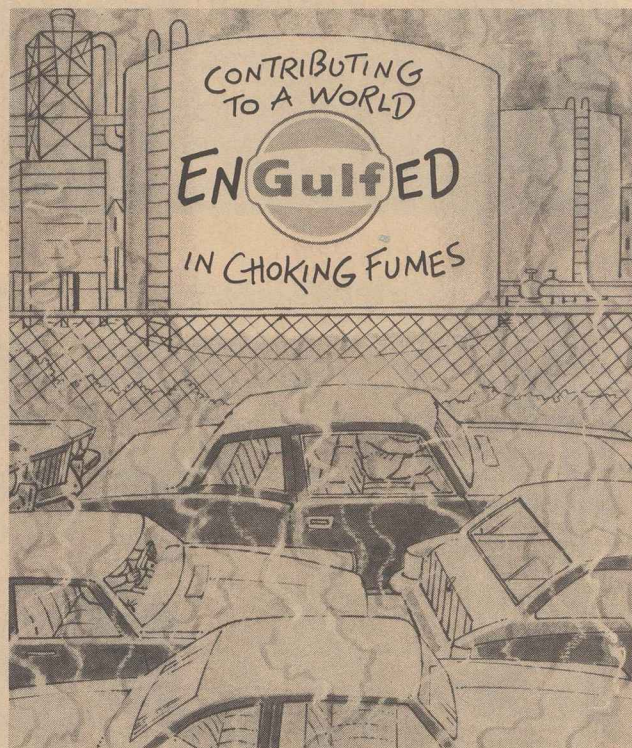
TRADEMARK

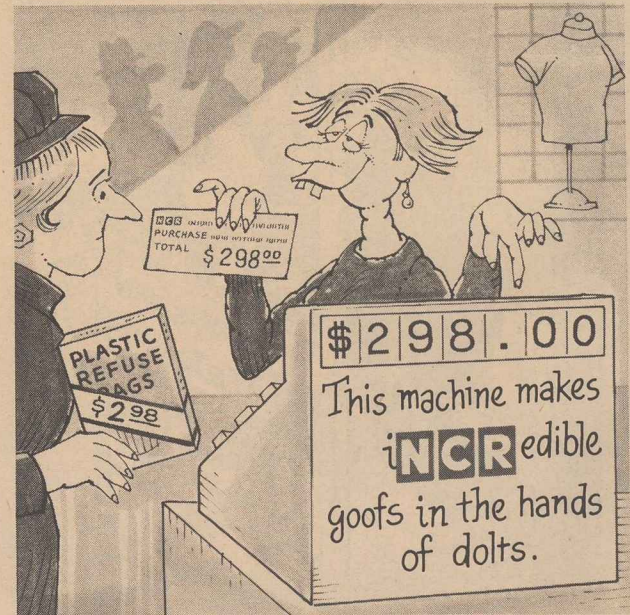
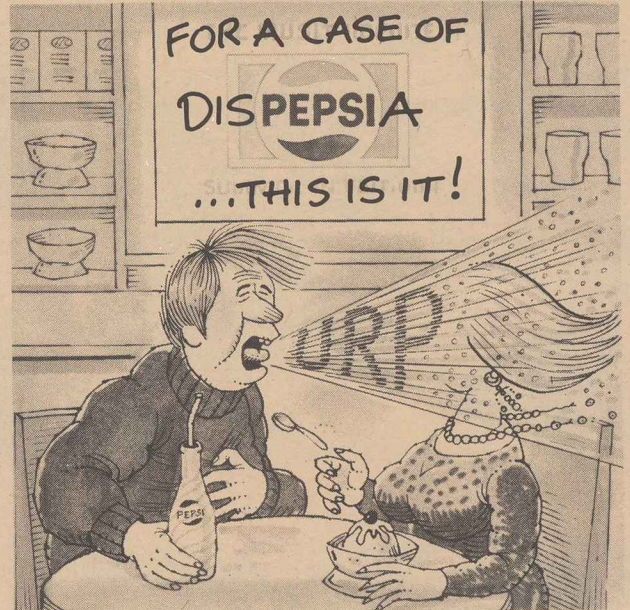
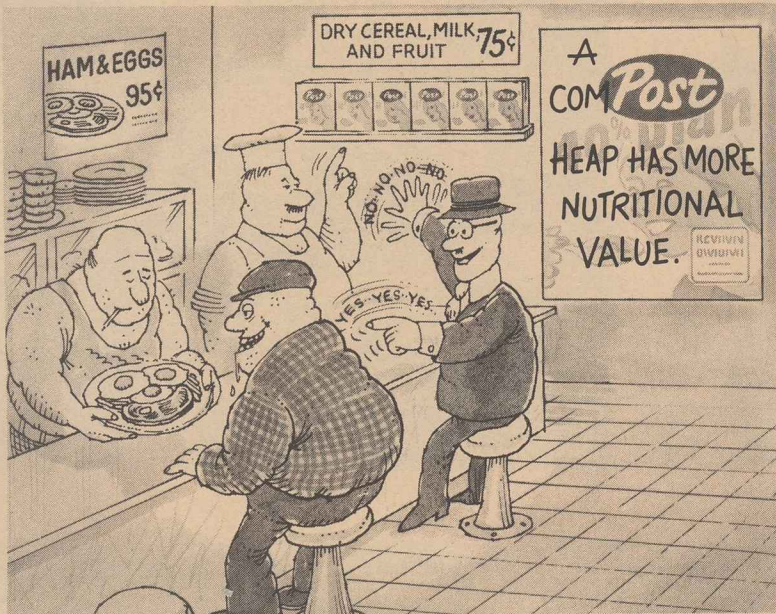
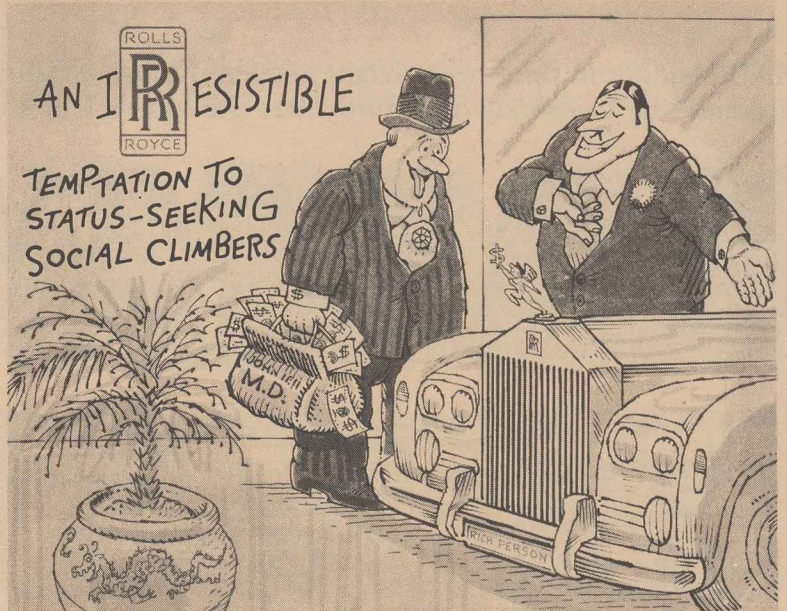


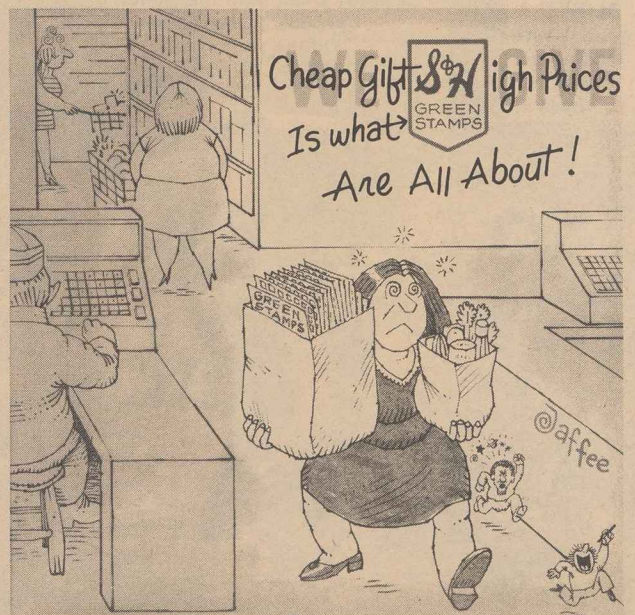
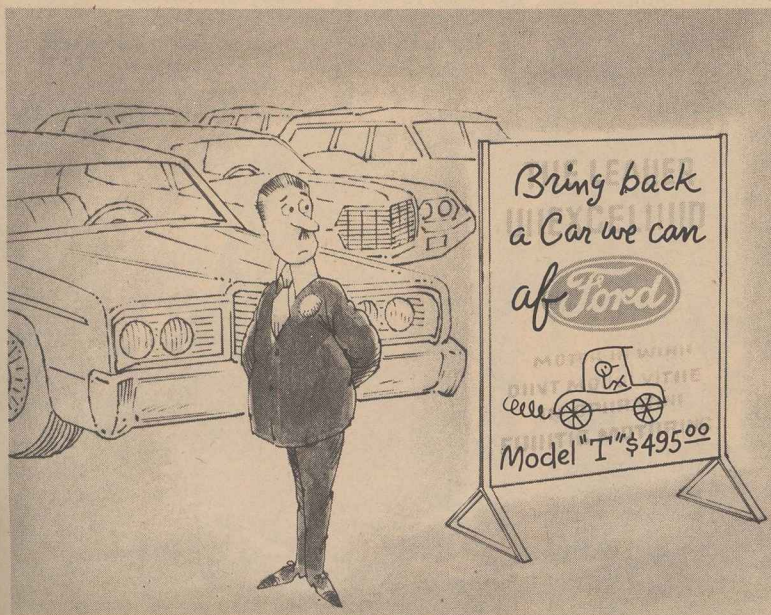
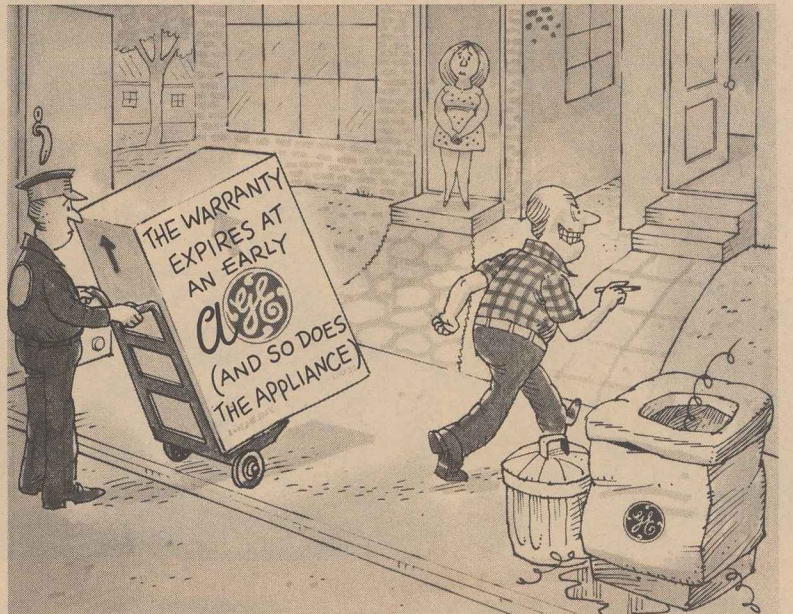
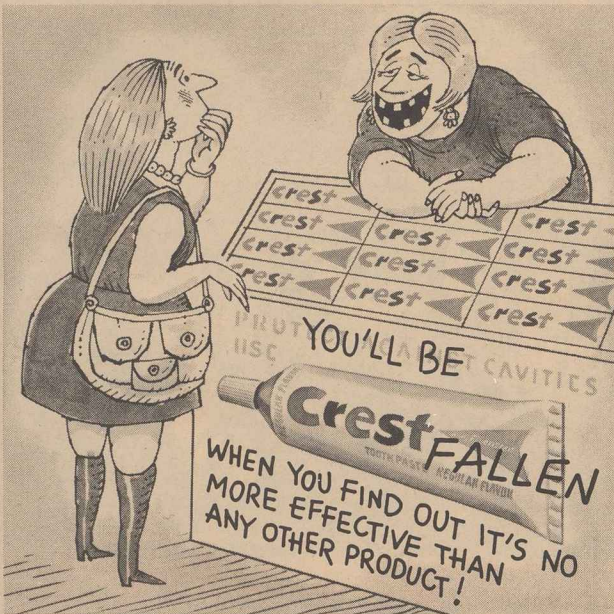
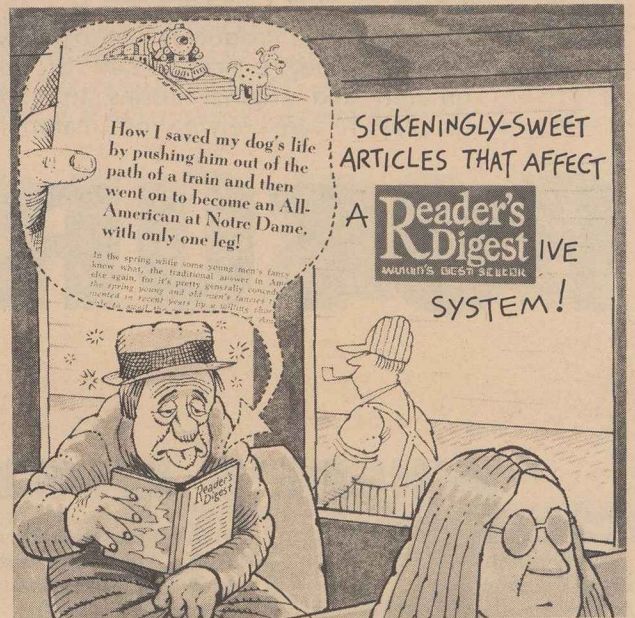
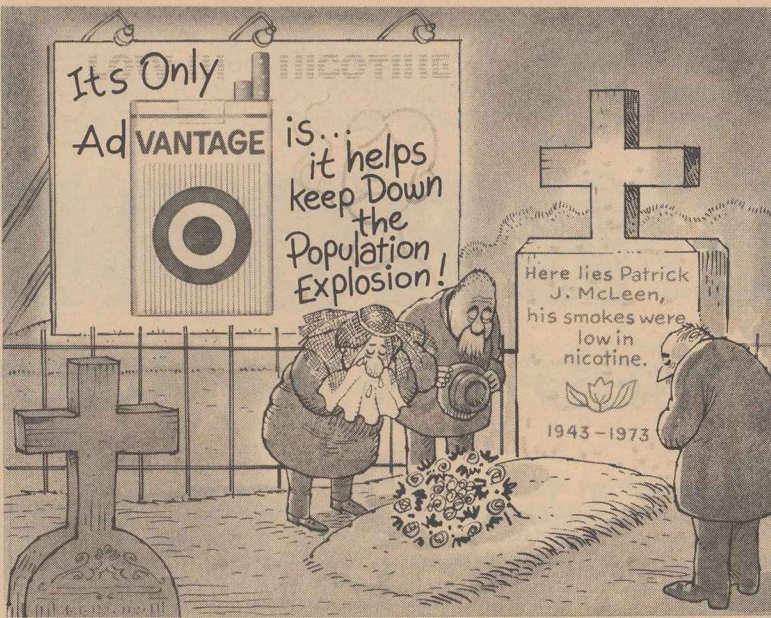
MAD shudder to think what might happen if those Graffiti Rascals ever started attacking that holy of holies, the Corporate Signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with

GRAFFITI

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE







TUNE UP THE VOLUME DEPT.

Nowadays, the Producers of Broadway Musicals are chicken! They're scared stiff of taking chances on new and original stories. Instead, they prefer to play it safe—relying on material that's been

tried and proven—like adapting successful stories, novels and plays by world-famous authors. Witness such recent Musicals as "Oliver!" (*Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens), "Baker Street" (*Sherlock Holmes*

FUTURE BROAD

BASED ON FAMOUS

"WHERE'S MOBY?" Based on "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

There's Captain Ahab! He's the best Captain on the Seven Seas ... except for one thing—

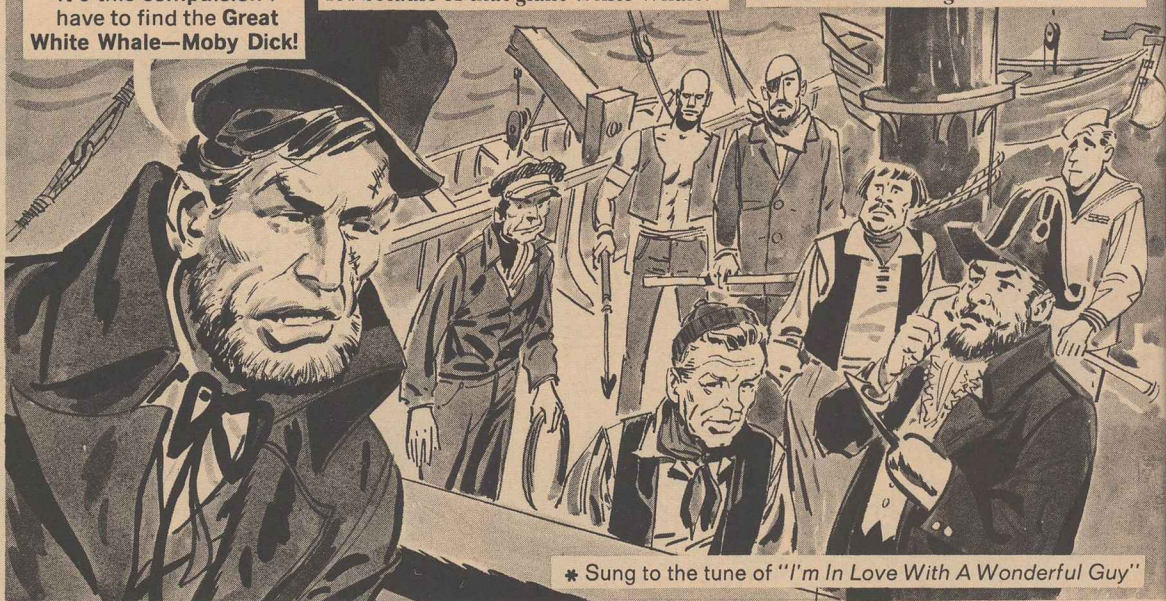
What's that?

He's insane!

I HEARD THAT! And it's TRUE! I am insane! But I know you'll understand when I tell you why! It's this compulsion I have to find the Great White Whale—Moby Dick!

* I'm as nutty as yesterday's fruitcake! I'm as jumpy as a fish in a pail! If you're amazed That my eyes are both glazed— It's because of that giant White Whale!

I am balmy, with bats in my belfry! Lost as a ship that is tossed in a gale! And if I speak In a sort of a shriek— It's because of that giant White Whale!



* Sung to the tune of "I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy"

THAR SHE BLOWS! A giant White Whale—off the port bow!!

At last! We've found Moby Dick! Man the boats! Sharpen the harpoons! Comb your hair!

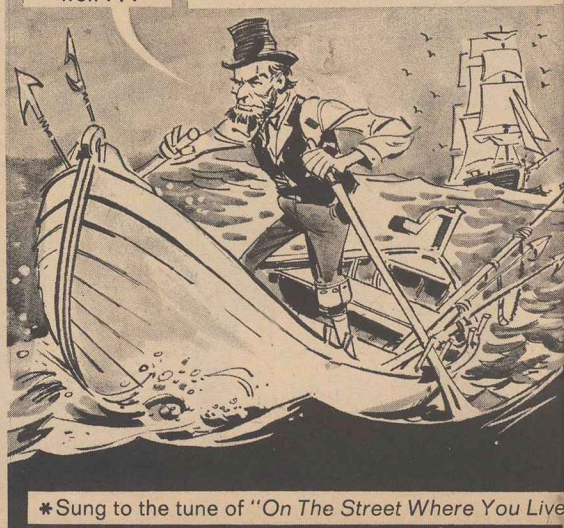
Comb our hair?!

Right! On my ship, neatness counts! Now, who'll volunteer to come with me?



The cowards! They're all afraid of Moby Dick! But it's just as well ...

* I have tried to find Moby Dick before— But I quickly learned it was no easy trick before! Now just look at me— In the open sea Face to face with the whale that I lo!



* Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

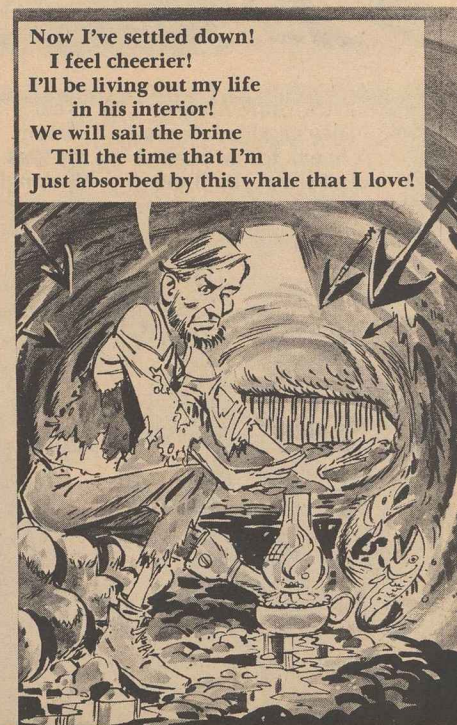
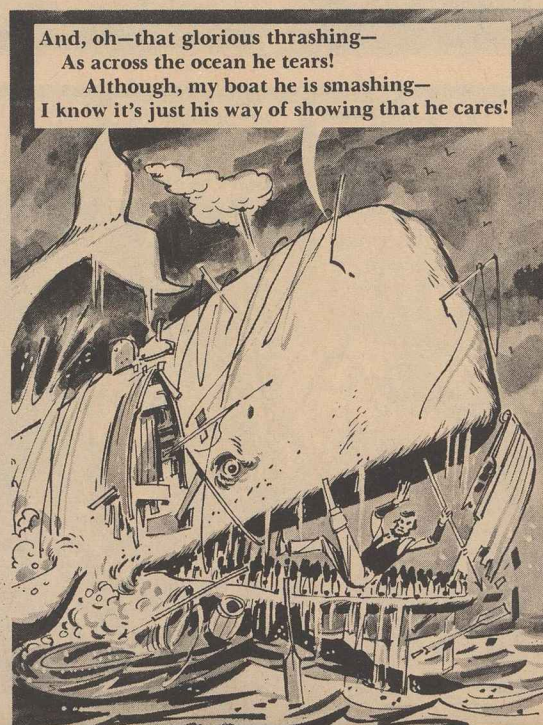
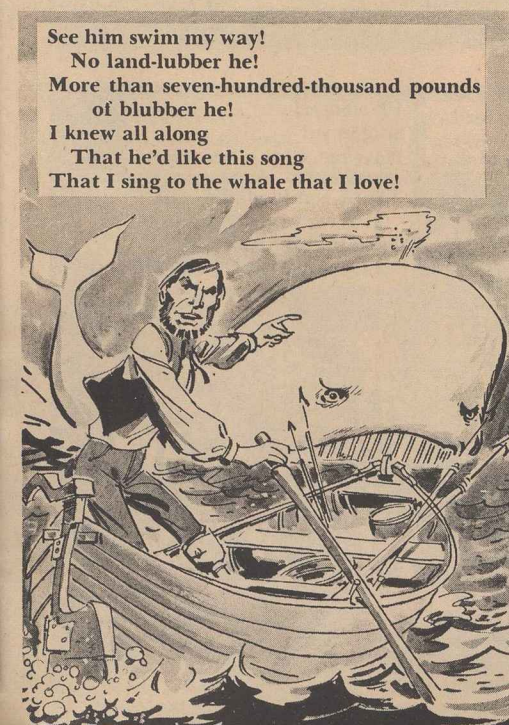
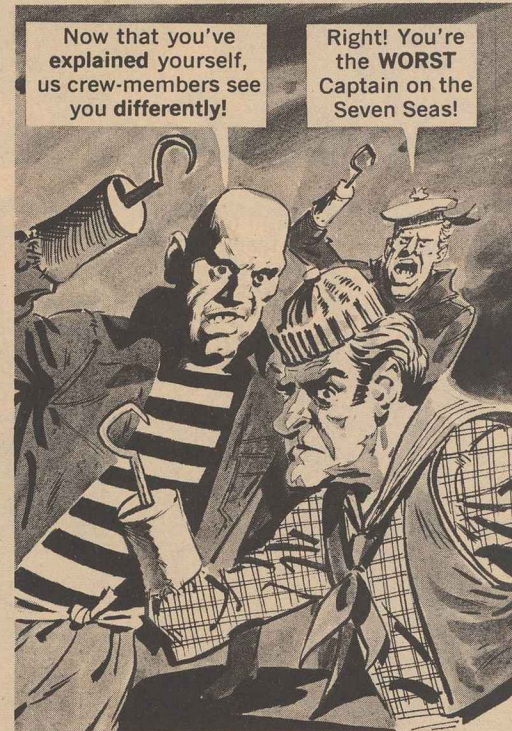
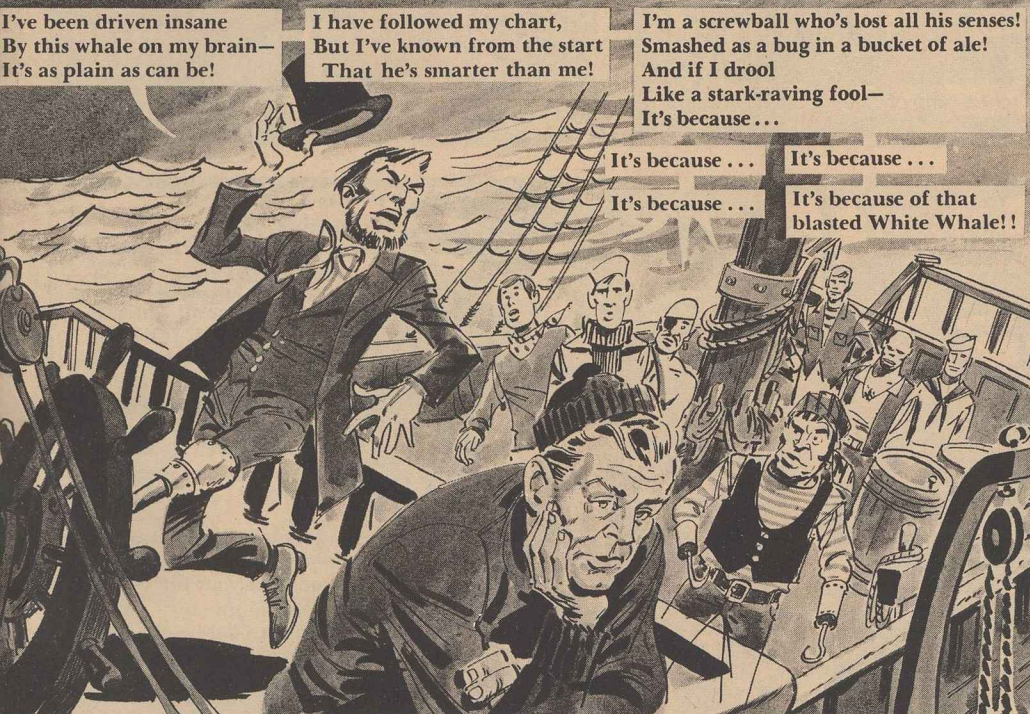
by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), "West Side Story" (*Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare), "My Fair Lady" (*Pygmalion* by George Bernard Shaw), Hello, Dolly" (*The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder), and so

on and on. Obviously, if this sickening trend continues, we'll be seeing Musicals based on even more unlikely classics. To illustrate, let's follow the bouncing ball as MAD presents four examples of

WAY MUSICALS

LITERARY CLASSICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



"CALL ME JULIUS"

Based on "Julius Caesar" by William Shakespeare

Oh, Julius! You've returned from Gaul where you killed 85,000 people and burned their cities! Just listen to the people cheer you for your goodness, justice and love of humanity . . .

Quiet, my dear! The people are singing the National Anthem!

* Oh, Rome is our dream—With its wild Colosseum, And its traffic-jammed Appian Way! Where the pizza is best—'Tho it's hard to digest—And Caesar's the king we obey!

Rome! Rome, you're just fine! With that crazy "S-P-Q-R" sign! Where the orgies go on From the evening till dawn, And each Christian is fed to a lion!

* Sung to the tune of "Home On The Range"

Beware the "Ides of March", Caesar! Brutus and his gang are going to kill you in the Forum!

But Brutus is my second in command! Why should he want to kill me?

Because he's No. 2! He tries harder!

We rub Caesar out today! Right, Brutus?

Right! Now here's my plan! Cassius—you get him from the front! Casca—you get him from the rear! And I—

What about ME, Brutus?

You, Trebonius will drive the Get-Away Chariot!

* Goodbye, Julie!

It's goodbye, Julie! 'Cause our knives are in your back where they belong!

You bugged us all, Julie! With your Gaul, Julie! Your ambition kept us wishin' for this parting song!

So farewell, Julie! It's been swell, Julie! But we hadda take a stab at jabbin' you! Yeah . . .

We hope your will's made up! And you have your bills paid up! Julie, as a big shot, you are through!

* Sung to the tune of "Hello, Dolly"

Oh, Marc Antony! They've killed Caesar! Speak to the people! Tell them you'll follow in Caesar's footsteps!

That's been my idea all along!

Friends, Romans, Country . . . I don't know what you're going to do now—but as for me . . .

* Cle-o-patra, Here I come! Caesar's dead, but Don't be glum!

I love ya! Think of ya! Night-time and day!

I'll woo ya! Sing to ya! Hear me, Cleo, when I say—

That I would gladly walk a mile Just for your Egyptian smile! Open up that River Nile! Cleopatra—here I come!

* Sung to the tune of "California, Here I Come"

"LOSE YOUR HEAD"

Based on "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens

* Come on out to the court-yard!
Come on out with the crowd!
We'll have the best rev-o-lution yet!
We'll kill the King and Marie Antoinette!

So let's root, root, root for the Headsman!
He's got a job that is hard!
Yes, it's off-off-off with their heads
At the old court-yard!

Excuse me! I'm Sydney Carton, and this is Lucie Manette!
We're just over from London!
Could you recommend a good restaurant?

Are you nuts? We're having a revolution!
We're killing people by the thousands!

A revolution did you say? Well!! My travel agent will surely hear of this!

Do you know where we can find my sweetheart, Charles Darnay?

Darnay? Why we picked him up yesterday!
He's in the Bastille... waiting to be guillotined!



* Sung to the tune of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

Did you hear that, Sydney!? They're going to behead Charles!

And now I suppose you want me to make some heroic gesture—like switching places with him and dying so he can live!

Oh, Sydney, would you? It would be ever so nice of you!

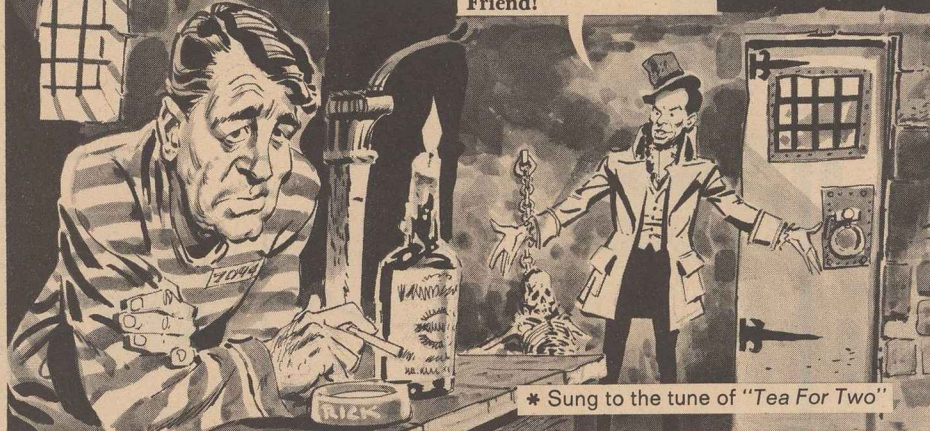
They're going to kill me, Sydney!

No, they're not, Darnay! Listen—

* Picture you—Replaced by me! That's what we'll do So you'll go free! It's me for you, And you for me, My friend!

I'm very willing If me they are killing And though it seems gory It follows the story! Just say that you'll do it, So we can get to The end, Friend!

Please agree, And golly-gee! I guarantee Lucie you'll see! And do it just for me!



* Sung to the tune of "Tea For Two"

Then I'll prove I'm kind and good, Like Charlie Dickens Said I should! Oh, can't you see How happy he would be!

Why, that's a great idea, Sydney! I'll be delighted to let you die for me!

Er... couldn't you object just a little?!

Me and my stupid heroic gestures! Still... it does make for a rousing final chorus!

* Guill-o-tine! We've got the nicest little Guill-o-tine! It does a job that's really Neat and clean! Sharp and keen! It never makes an error! And helps our Reign of Terror!

Guill-o-tine! Come join the mob and you will See just what we mean! The blade is sharp, you bet! It even beats Gillette! You won't forget our Guill-o-tine!



* Sung to the tune of "Baby Face"

A PORTFOLIO OF

MAD



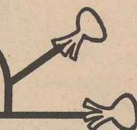
SHARK



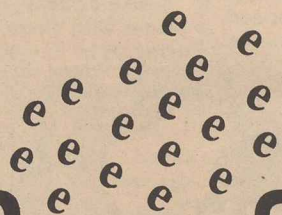
PORCUPINE



TURKEY



B S

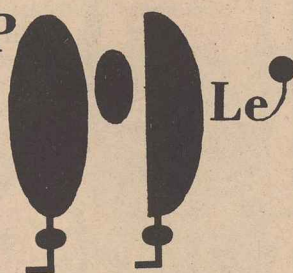


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RAFFE

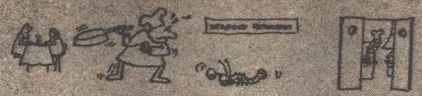
P Le



Snail



DACHSHUND



ZOO-LULUS

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL

HÖÖT OWL

KAN^aROO

rabbit



BAT



MUSE

COW

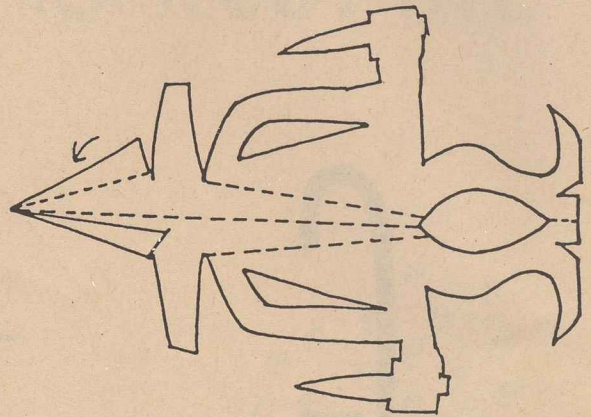
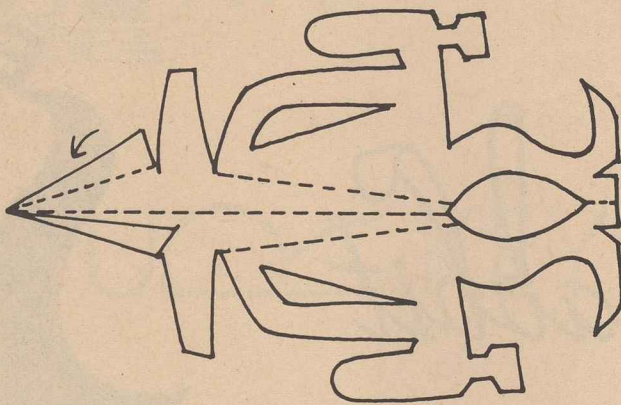
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ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS FOR

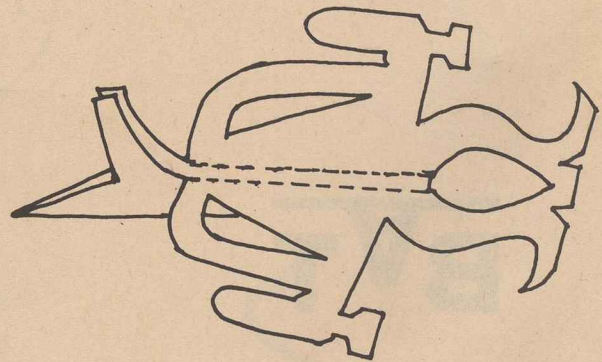
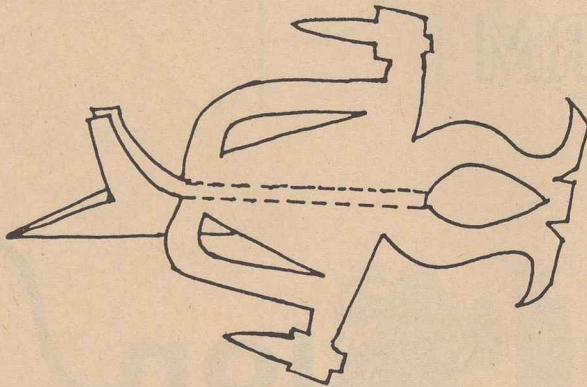
MAD'S SPY VS. SPYPLANES

Destroy After Reading *(Not Before, Idiot!)*

1. Very slowly and carefully punch out the perforated area marked "Cut Out This Area." Then, using scissors, carefully cut out the Spy and Hat-Brim shapes along the outlines. (If you are scissor impaired, let someone else do it for you!)



2. Fold over the nose flaps along the dotted lines, side A to A and B to B (both letters of school grades you've probably never received)! HINT: try using a ruler when folding planes to make folds straight!



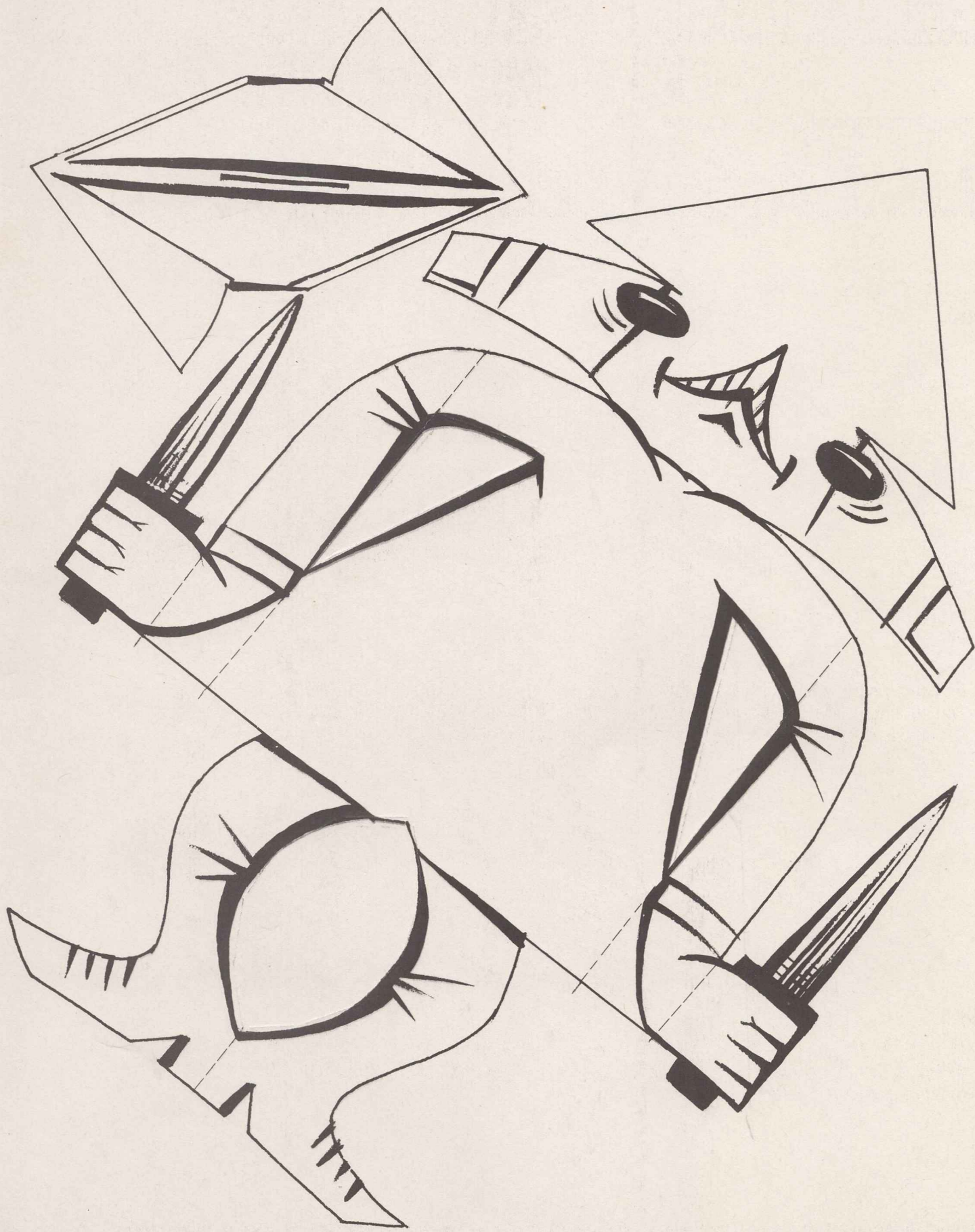
3. Fold the spy body along the center dotted line, side C to C.

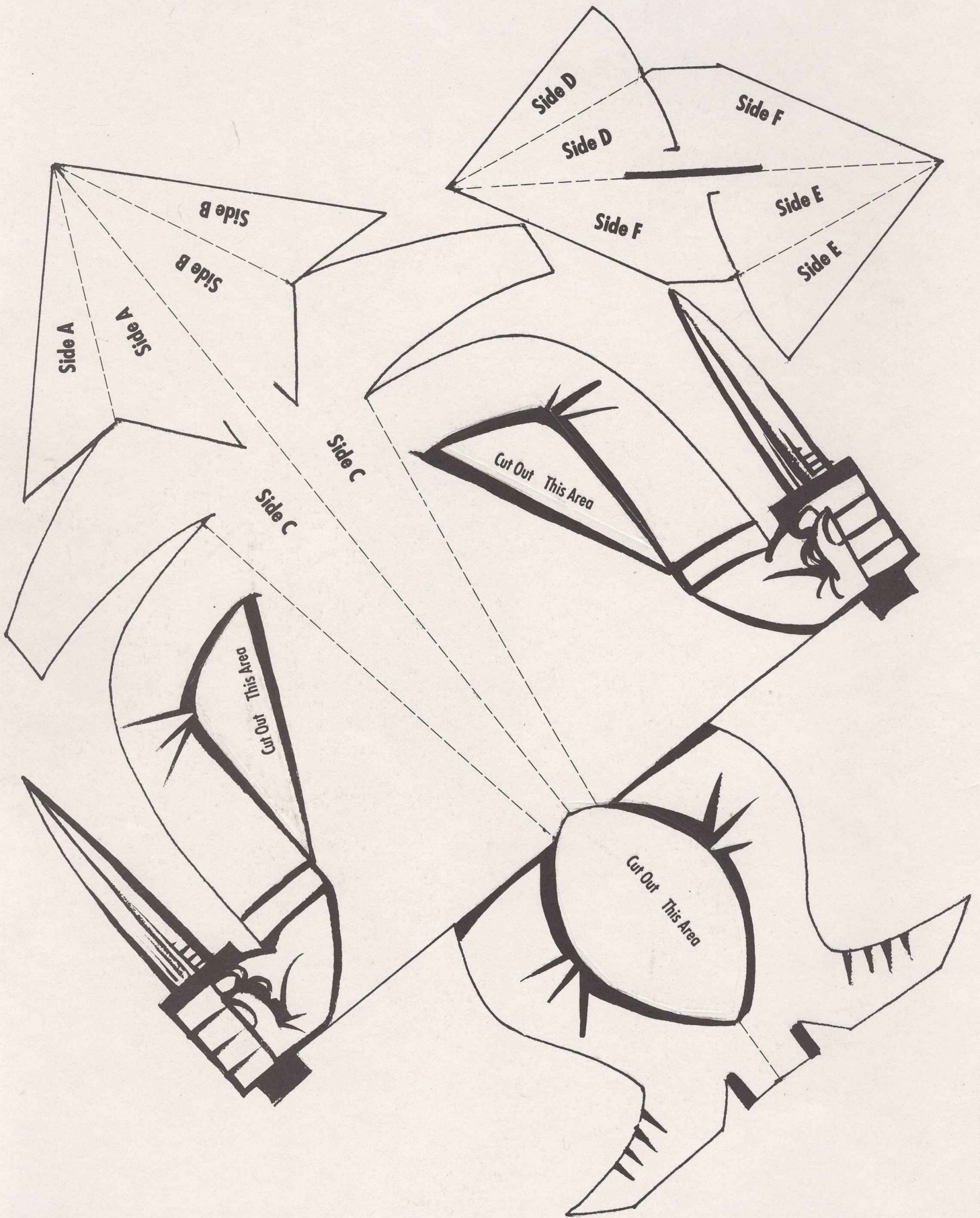
4. Using scissors (though not necessarily the same scissors used in step 1!), make a slot along the thick black line on the Hat-Brim.

CUT SLOT HERE

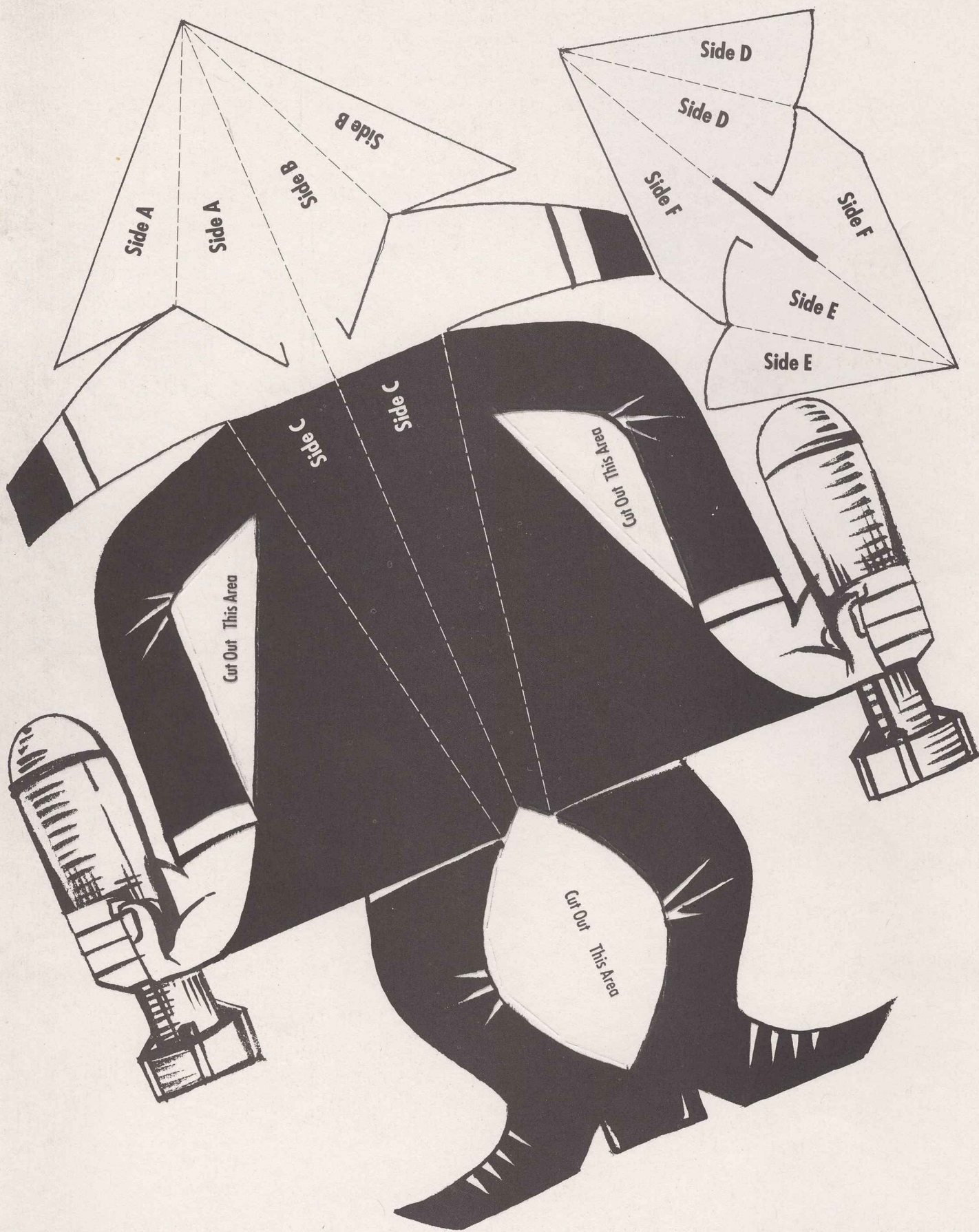


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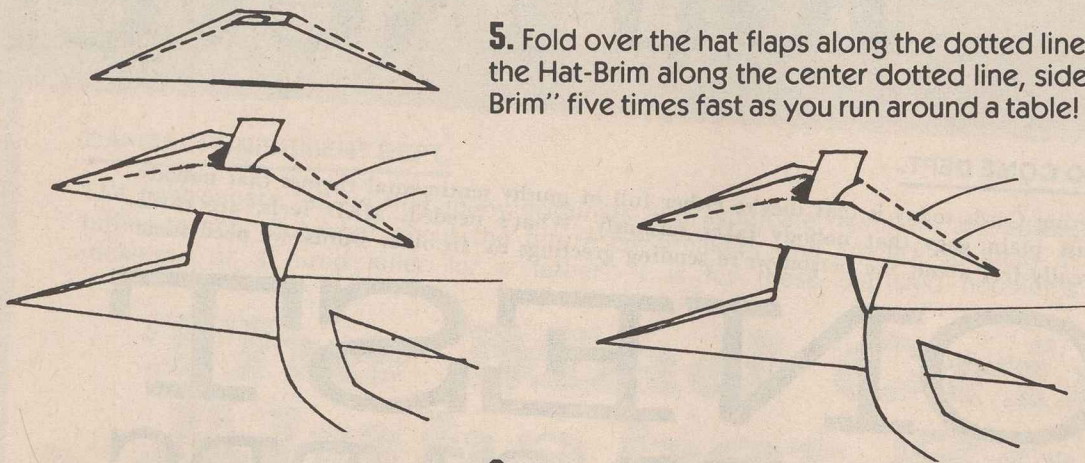
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ASSEMBLY INSTRUCTIONS FOR

MAD'S SPY VS. SPYPLANES

MAD SPY VS. SPYPLANES DESIGNED BY HUGH McMAHON

5. Fold over the hat flaps along the dotted lines, side D to D and E to E. Fold the Hat-Brim along the center dotted line, side F to F. Now try saying "Hat-Brim" five times fast as you run around a table!



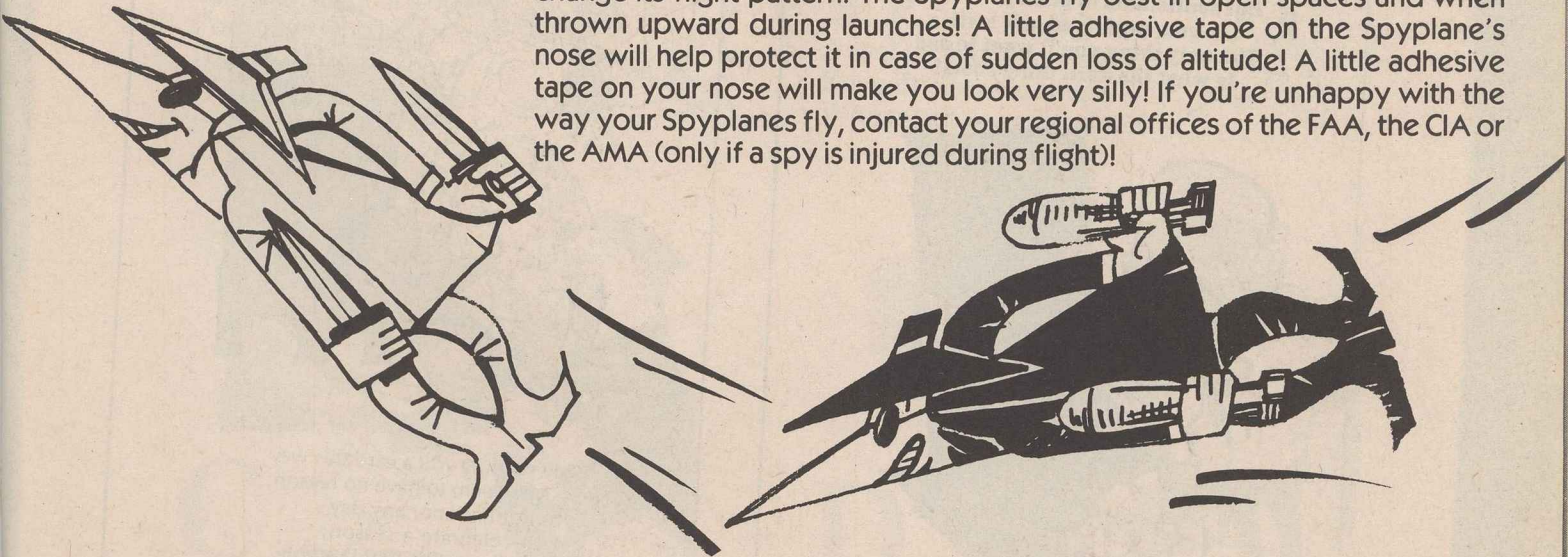
6. Slip the Hat-Brim shape you just folded over the upper hat shape already on the spy's head. Secure flaps E and D to the upper Hat Shape as sort of shown!

7. Fold both arms down and the bombs (or knives) up along the dotted lines. Now take a break and enjoy a nice refreshing drink... you've earned it!

8. Your **MAD SPY VS. SPYPLANE** is now ready to:

- A) fly like the wind!
- B) hang from your ceiling with tape and thread!
- C) crumple up and toss right in the old recycling bin marked "paper"!

Flying Tips: Changing the angle of the Spyplane's arms, knives or bombs will change its flight pattern! The Spyplanes fly best in open spaces and when thrown upward during launches! A little adhesive tape on the Spyplane's nose will help protect it in case of sudden loss of altitude! A little adhesive tape on your nose will make you look very silly! If you're unhappy with the way your Spyplanes fly, contact your regional offices of the FAA, the CIA or the AMA (only if a spy is injured during flight)!



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ECCCH-TRANEIOUS MATTER DEPT.

Every once in a while, MAD buys an article from a writer, puts it into the works, and then decides not to publish it for a variety of reasons . . . like f'rinstance it started off great, but ended up dull after a while . . . or the premise was valid, but the satirical point

SOME MAD You Never

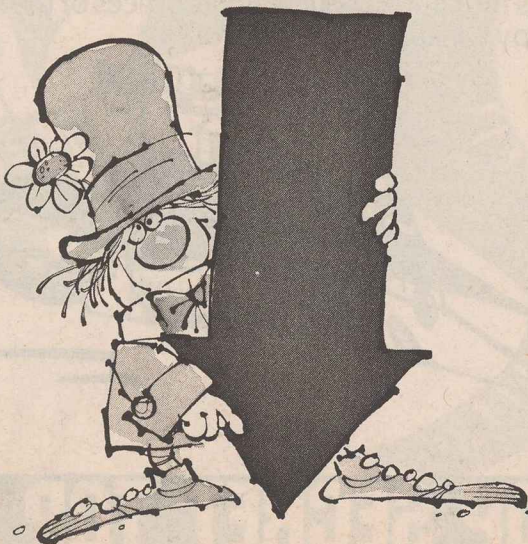
THE VERSE IS YET TO COME DEPT.

The trouble with Greeting Cards today is that they're either full of mushy sentimental rhymes that nobody believes, or they're just plain gags that nobody takes seriously. What's needed, MAD feels, are cards that express how we *really* feel about the person we're sending greetings to. In other words, we need some

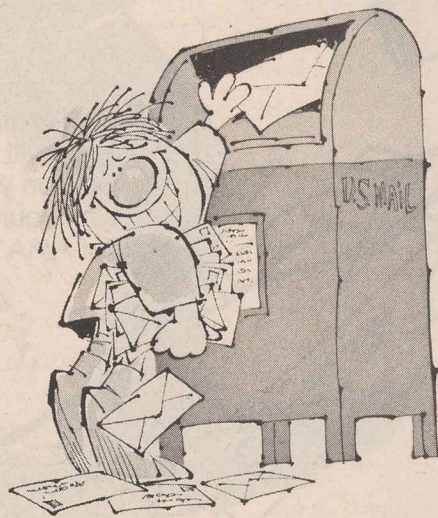
HONEST GREETING CARDS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

I could have picked a birthday card
With lines that ooze and gush—
A card to fill your heart anew
With love, delight and mush.
But sentiments in poetry
On you, my friend, are lost!
The only thing you'll want to see
Is what the darn thing costs!



Just To Say "Hello"



My sending you a card this way
May seem to have no reason;
It's not to honor any day
Or celebrate a season;
The only motive that I've got
Is fear, because I lack
The strength to not send any cards
And therefore get none back.

of departure fell apart . . . or the Editor was stoned when he accepted it, and he regretted it the minute he sobered up. In any case, over the years, we've collected quite a few of these Unpublished Articles, and now we're getting rid of them by presenting this quick look at . . .



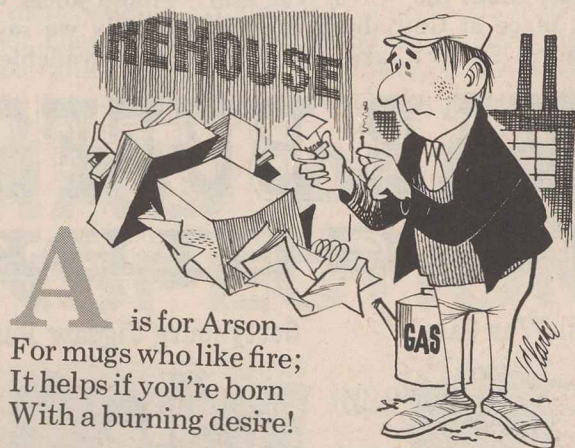
ARTICLES Got To See

WRITER:
FRANK JACOBS

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT DEPT.

The newspapers tell us that many criminals and syndicate members are passing their knowledge from father to son. But what about the future law-breakers who are *not* so lucky as to have gangster or a racketeer or a hired killer for a father? It is for these deprived hoodlums of tomorrow that we

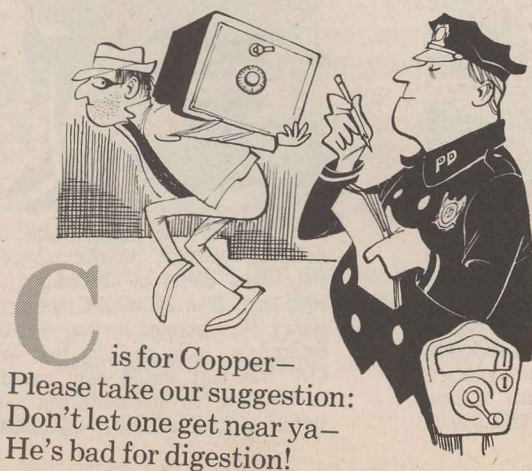
The Mad Crime Alphabet Book



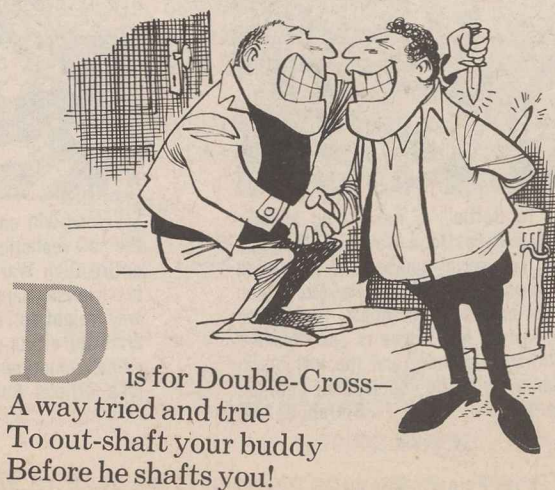
A is for Arson—
For mugs who like fire;
It helps if you're born
With a burning desire!



B is for Black jack—
A real problem-solver—
For soft-hearted thugs
Who won't use a revolver!



C is for Copper—
Please take our suggestion:
Don't let one get near ya—
He's bad for digestion!



D is for Double-Cross—
A way tried and true
To out-shaft your buddy
Before he shafts you!



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



GREEN FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY DEPT.

Do you know that even though there is a war in Vietnam, and fighting in the Middle East, there is a large group of people who couldn't care less. These characters are only interested in a war that was fought over 100 years ago! We're talking, of course, about the "Civil War Buffs"—those idiots who think that the last great battle of the world took place at Gettysburg in 1863. Recently we saw a brochure offering items of interest to these fanatics. So let's take a look at what's available in

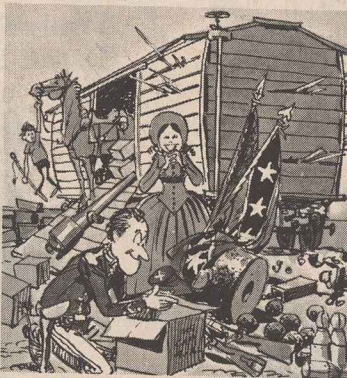
THE CIVIL WAR BUFFS' SHOPPING GUIDE

An Exciting Audio Memoir



"Call To Battle"—a new Audio Memoir album, features John Wayne reciting the names and serial numbers of the Union 3rd Corps on 3 12-inch LPs. More than 11,500 names from Ahab, Horace to Zuch, Myron. Mr. Wayne is accompanied by William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony, with the Robert Shaw Chorale.
Mono: \$6.98 Stereo: \$17.98

Realistic Civil War Game



Everyone will enjoy playing "Slaughter," the new realistic game that recreates the entire Civil War for the enthusiast and his friends. Handsomely boxed in a railway freight car, each set contains enough arms for a four-year war. Real uniforms, rifles, cannon, mortars and cavalry horses, plus Official Rules and a pair of dice.
\$250,000.00

Gettysburg Jigsaw Puzzle



This fantastic new jigsaw puzzle is a detailed, full-color, life-size replica of the famed Battle of Gettysburg site, with more than 24 million interlocking pieces. Manufactured by Blue and Gray Enterprises, it is an item that every Civil War buff should own, providing he has time on his hands and a flat surface of 2,543 acres.
\$15,000.00

A Hair From Grant's Beard

Framed 14 K Uniform Button

A Real Civil War Veteran

DEATH

Sergeant, we just received word that Roger Kaputnik's wife died. I want you to break the news to him . . . but do it gently, please!

Yes, sir! I'll do it real gentle, sir!

All right, men! Fall in . . . on the double . . .

At ease! Now I got an announcement to make . . .

But before I do, I want all you married men to step forward—

Not so fast there, Kaputnik!



WINDSHIELD VIPERS DEPT.

In most States, a car must have an inspection sticker on its windshield before it is allowed on the road. These stickers show that the car has been inspected for such inconsequential items as effective brakes and working headlights. However, MAD feels that there are a lot more important items in cars these days, and that these should be inspected too. To show you what we're driving at, here are some

MAD AUTOMOBILE INSPECTION STICKERS

GLOVE COMPARTMENT INSPECTION

The glove compartment of this vehicle has been inspected for the following required contents:

- ☐ MINIMUM OF SIX MISFOLDED ROAD MAPS
- ☒ NO ROAD MAP OF OWNER'S STATE AMONG ABOVE
- ☒ 1 KEY TO GLOVE COMPARTMENT DOOR LOCK
- ☒ 1 COIN DISPENSER FOR TOLLS, WITH NO COINS
- ☒ 1 STAINED, TORN AUTOMOBILE REGISTRATION
- ☒ 17 MATCHBOOKS WITH NO MATCHES
- ☒ 1 STALE OR MELTED CANDY BAR
- ☒ 1 KLEENEX DISPENSER WITH NO TISSUES
- ☒ 1 DIRTY RAG
- ☒ 3 CAR WASH CLUB CARDS WITH ONE PUNCH
- ☒ A MINIMUM OF 25 TIGERINOS, SUNNY DOLLARS, SAFETY SIGNS, AMERICANA BILLS, PLAYING CARDS AND OTHER GASOLINE COMPANY GIVE-AWAY GIMMICKS
- ☒ NO GLOVES

VIOLATIONS: 1 ROAD MAP FOUND
PROPERLY FOLDED! OWNER ON

DASHBOARD LITTER INSPECTION

The dashboard of this vehicle has been inspected for required litter by a duly licensed State Dashboard Litter Inspector, and has been found to contain the following:

1. DANGLING ORNAMENTS:

One pair squashed baby shoes
One shrunken head (poor imitation)

POINTS AWARDED . 4

2. STANDING FIGURES:

One bust of Alfred E. Neuman (damaged)

POINTS AWARDED . . . 0

3. CONTAINERS:

One ash tray from 1960 Nixon-For-President Campaign Headquarters

POINTS AWARDED . . . 5

4. BANNERS and/or PENNANTS

Fourth Prize Ribbon from 1957 Butte, Montana, Culinary Arts Exposition

POINTS AWARDED . . . 2

TOTAL POINTS REQUIRED: 9 TOTAL POINTS AWARDED: 11

WAY OFF-BROADWAY DEPT.

Millions of people would like to make Show Business their career. Unfortunately, most of them don't have enough talent. Then again, many of them have no talent at all. Naturally, the ones with no talent at all go right to the top in Show Business. But what about those people with just a minimum of talent? Well, there's a place for them too . . . not exactly IN Show Business, but performing for the public in . . .

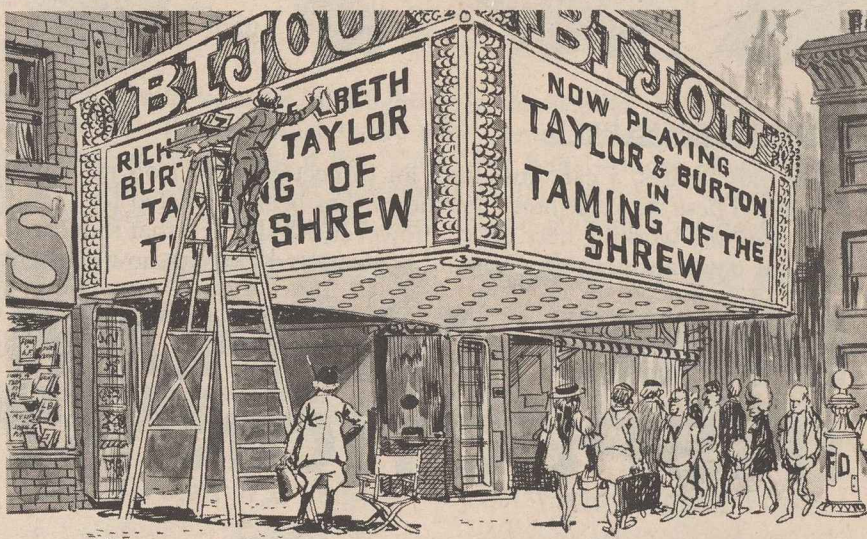
JOBS



ON THE FRINGE OF

Get the picture? Okay . . . here's a job for someone who wants to work with the big names in Show Biz . . .

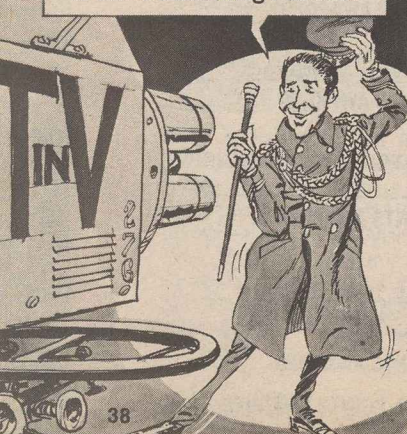
That looks pretty good . . . but now let's try it with Liz over on the right and Dick on the left!



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Or if you've always wanted to appear on TV . . .

Good morning, up there in 2-R!
Let me first ask how you are!
So far, there's no mail for you!
Is there something I can do?



Can I walk your poodle, Maxie?
Can I hail for you a taxi?
Please don't hesitate to call
The doorman down here in the hall!



Or sing in the "Chorus" . . .

Neuman's Trucking really stinks!
The bosses are a bunch of finks!
Where's our lousy five-buck hike?
Till we get it . . . Fight! Fight! Fight!



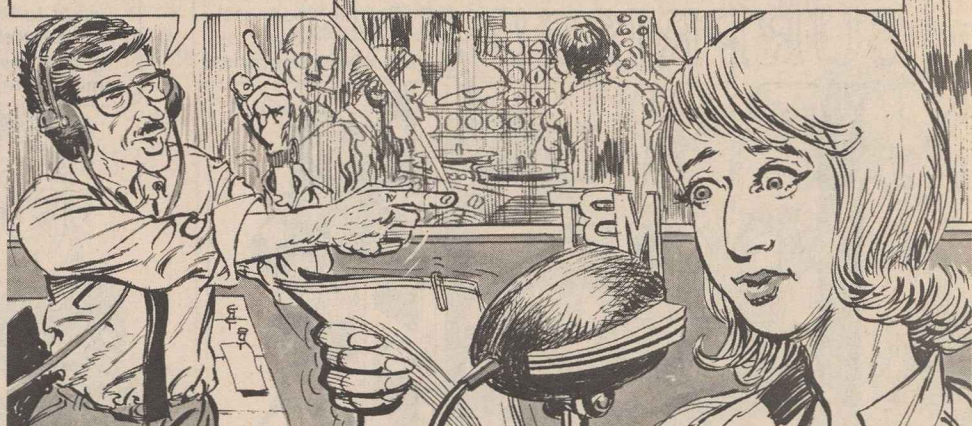
All right, Miss Phillips, let's do another take. And this time, try not to show so much sympathy. Remember, you are aware of their pain and sorrow, and you feel for them . . . but you cannot allow yourself to get too involved.

I understand.



Okay, everybody! Let's have quiet in the studio! Roll the tapes! This is Take 17—

I'm sorry . . . but the number you have reached is not a working number. Please be sure to check the number carefully, and dial it again . . .



SHOW BUSINESS

And if you've always dreamed of finally arriving on "Broadway," here's the perfect job for you . . .

It's been a long, hard haul . . . but this is it, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . **Broadway!** Street of a million lights and a broken heart for every one!



WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Change here for the B.M.T., the I.R.T. and the shuttle to Grand Central! All aboard! Watch the doors . . .



Maybe you've always dreamed of singing for the public. If so, here's the job for you . . .

Mrs. Irving Green, of Atlantic Avenue, Here's a telegram that I want to sing to you: Your nephew Joe is very sick— So kindly telephone him quick— Mrs. Irving Green . . . Of At-lan-tic Av-vennn-uuuee!



Maybe you feel you have the voice for broadcasting the latest news . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program of soft music to bring you this special bulletin! Mr. Russ Young has just passed on!

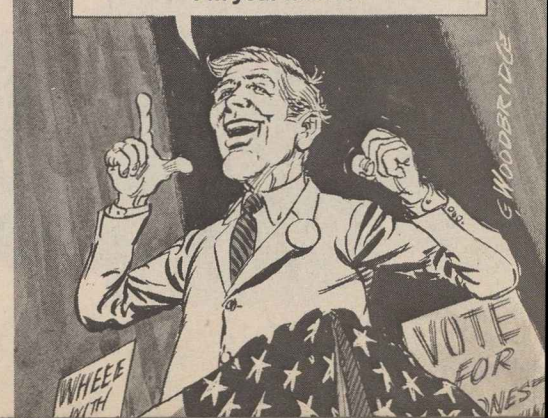


Yes, folks! Mr. Russ Young, our fabulous Store Manager, has just passed on some wonderful discounts to you lucky customers! For the next ten minutes, in the Men's Shop, it's a full 5% off the regular low, low price of \$14.98 for drip-dry tuxedos!



And if you've always dreamed of being funny—of being the clown . . .

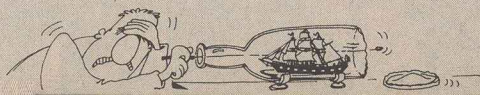
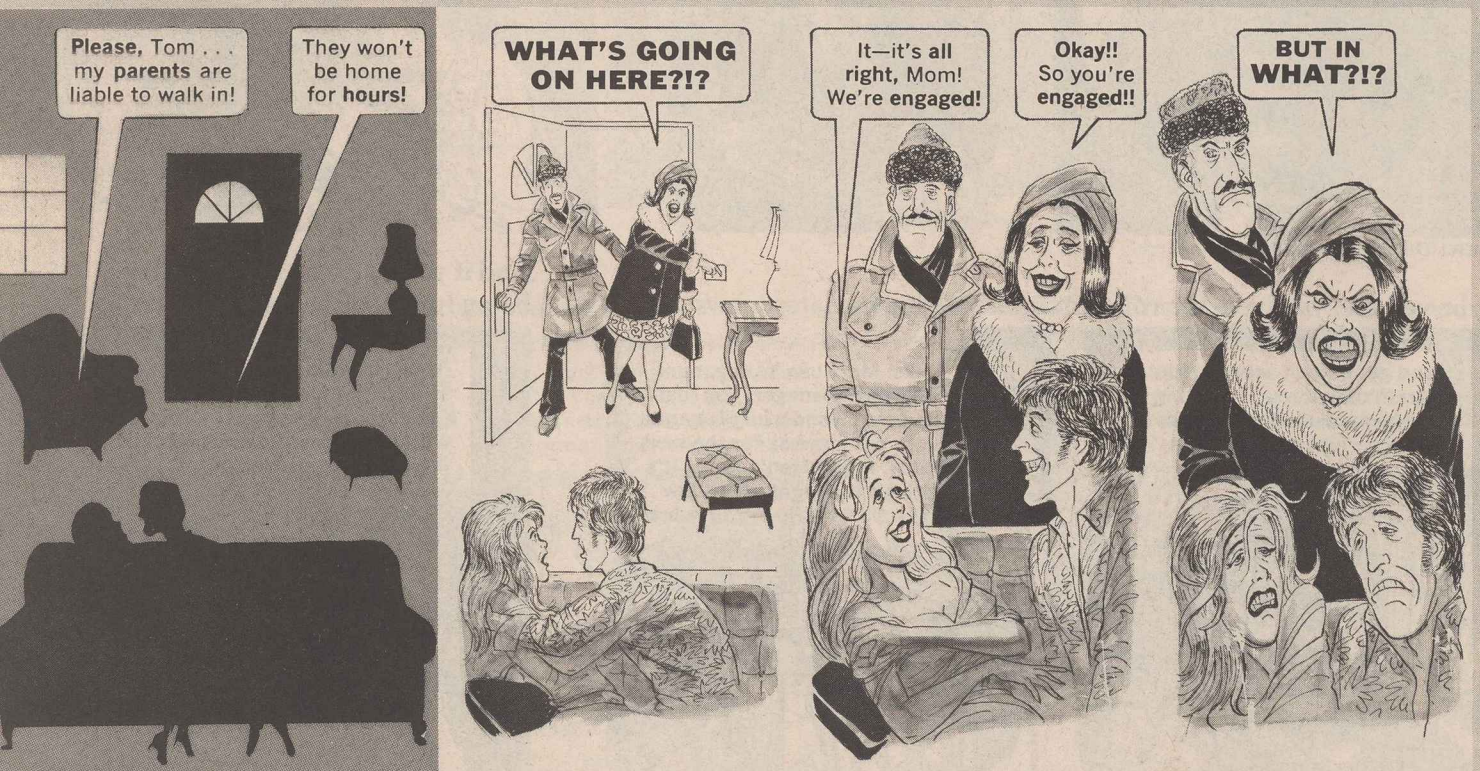
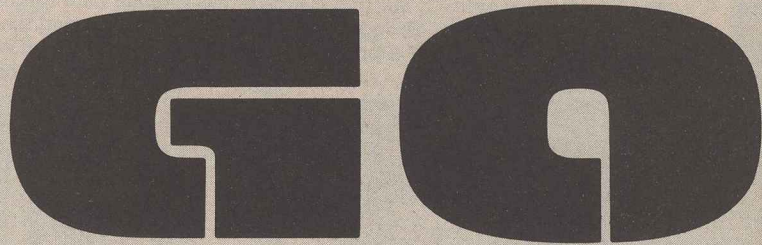
If you want honesty, I'm your man! If you want sincerity, I'm your man! If you want someone who knows what graft and corruption is all about, I'm your man . . .





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

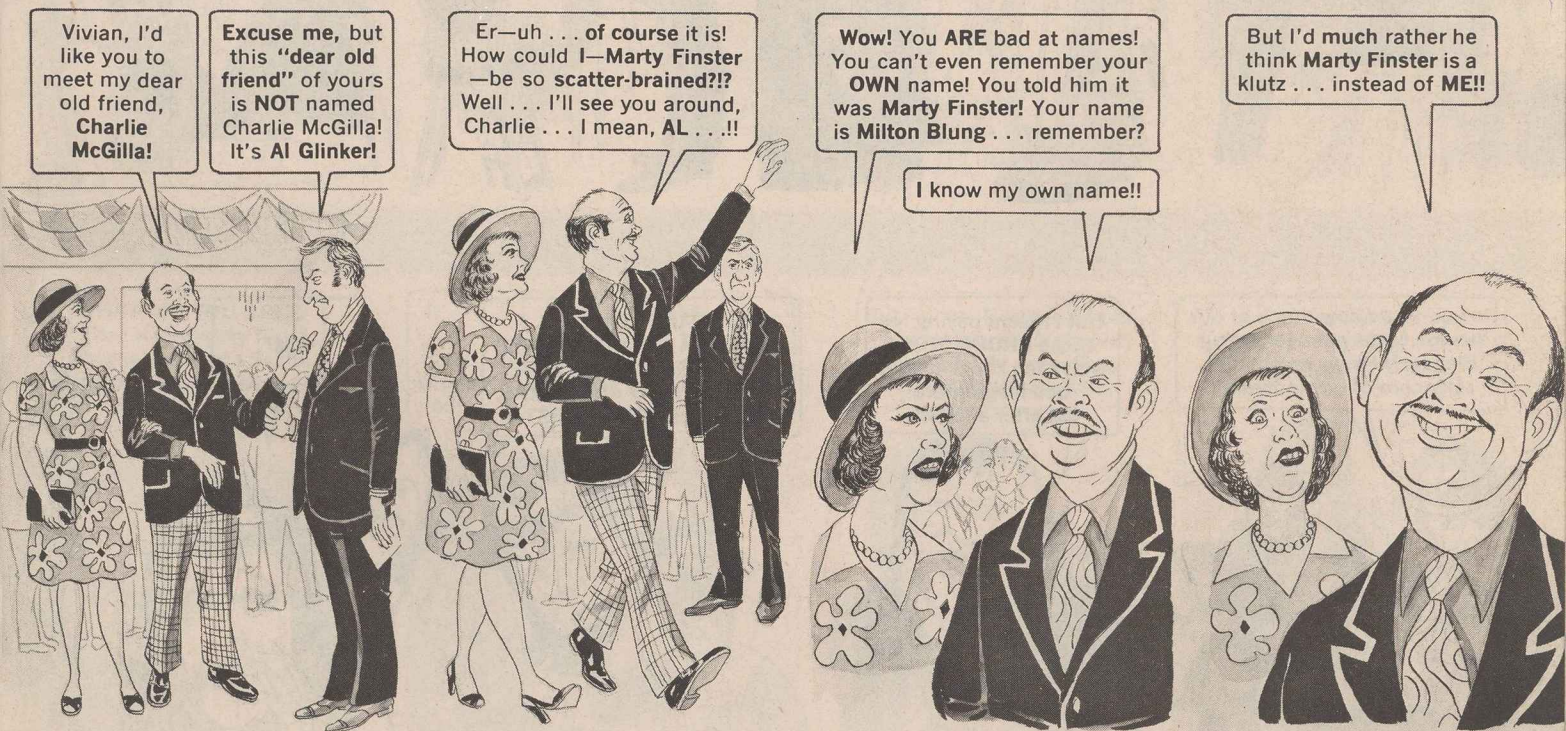
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...





OFFS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG



Hello, Mary Lou! I'm calling to invite you for a ride on my new boat! And you really can't turn me down! After all, I did name it **AFTER YOU!**

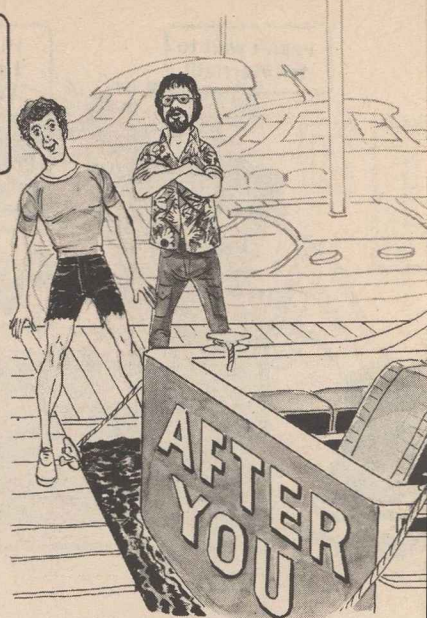
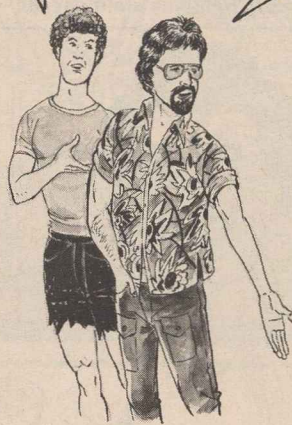
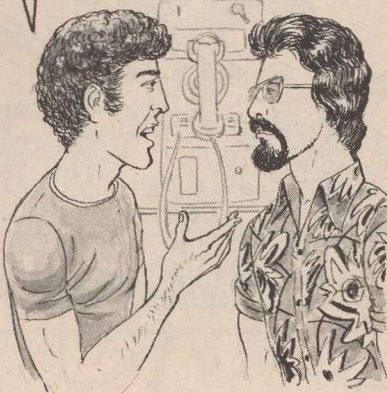
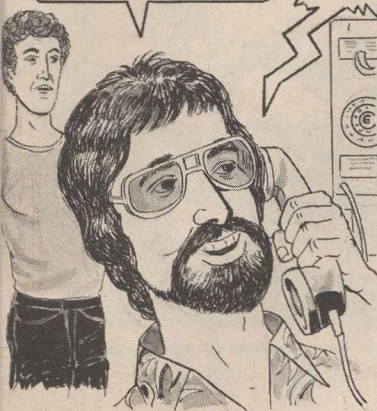
You **DID?! In that case, I'll come!**

Hey, Buddy-boy! You are in big trouble! I mean, how many times can you use the same line? Just a minute ago, I heard you tell Ginny the same thing you told Mary Lou!

"After all, I did name it **AFTER YOU!**"

Man, what are you gonna do when they both get here?!?

There's no problem, Fella! You haven't seen my new boat yet! Take a look—



Can I help you, Daddy? Huh? Can I help??

Yes, you can! I need a **SCREWDRIVER** very badly!

One screwdriver . . . coming up!!

What's taking you so long?!

I've got problems!

I found the **ORANGE JUICE!** But where's the **VODKA?!**



WHAT DID YOU SAY?? That was a dirty filthy four-letter Anglo-Saxon word you threw at me!!

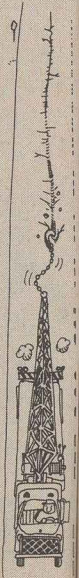
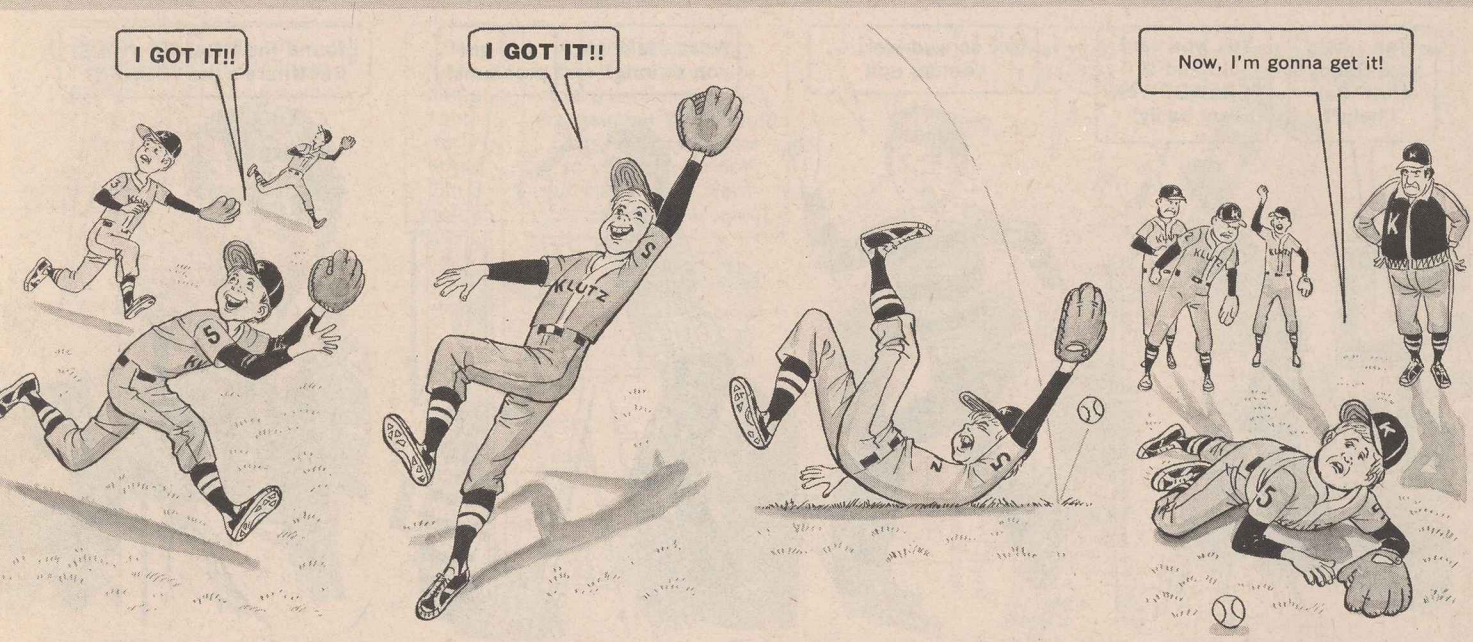
It . . . it just slipped out!

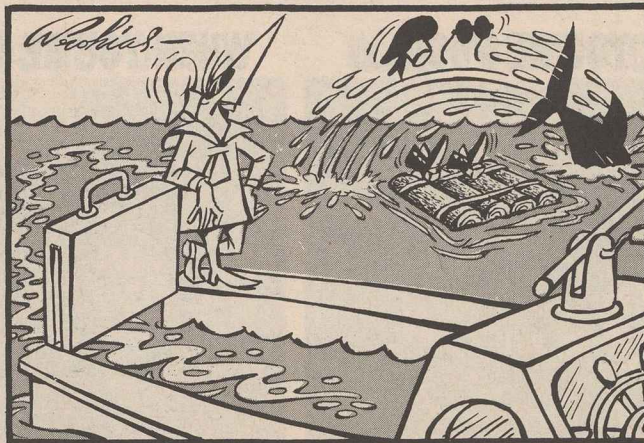
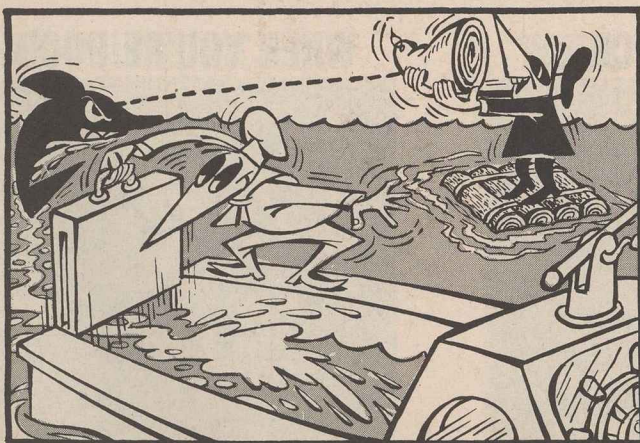
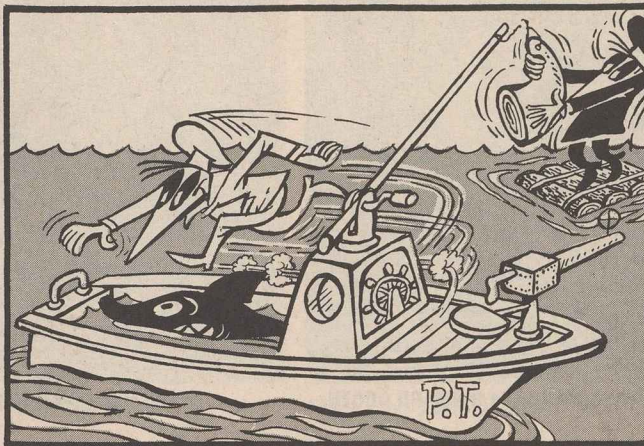
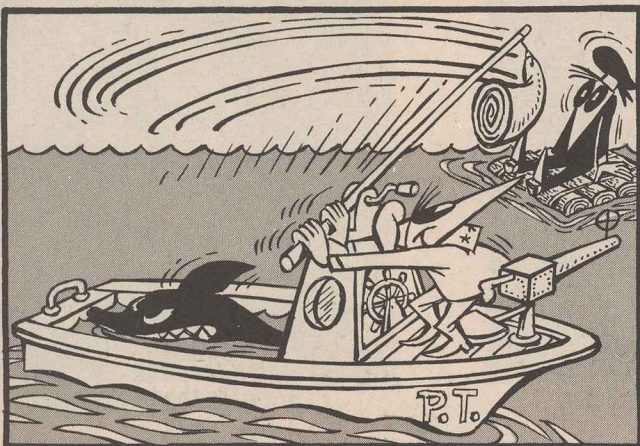
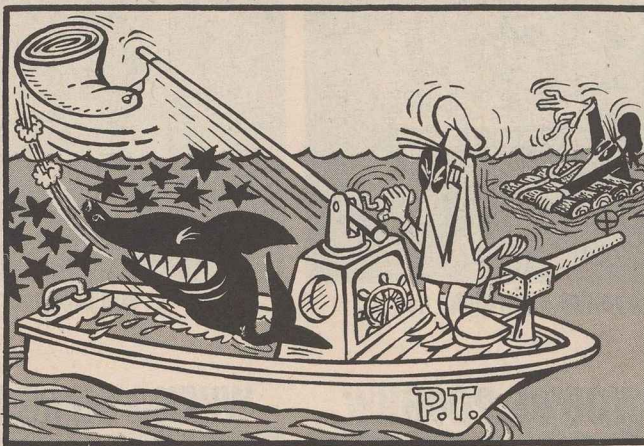
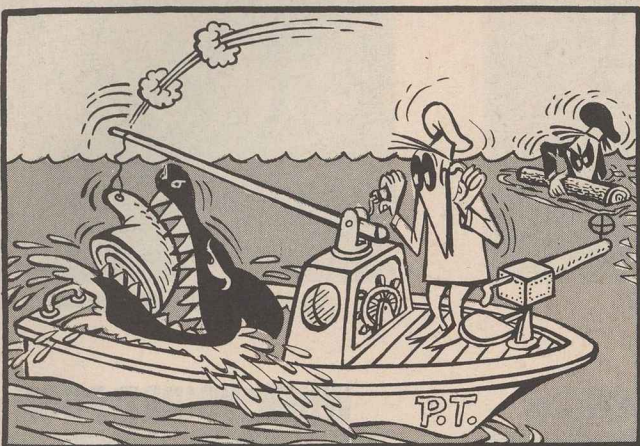
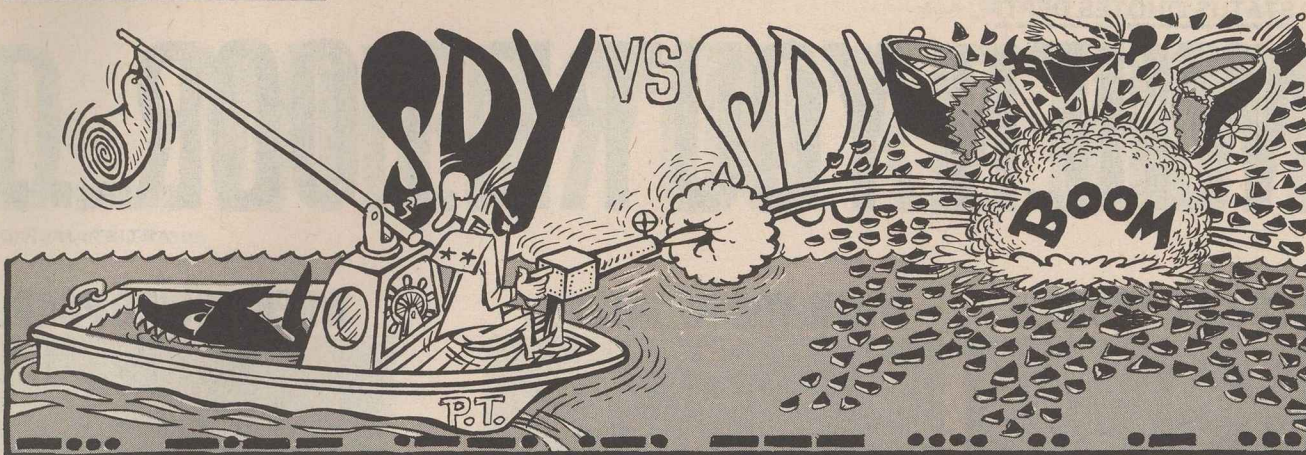
This is a God-fearing, law-abiding home! I don't want to ever hear you use such language again, do you hear?!

But, Mom! Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams and Philip Roth use words like that all the time!

I don't care!! In fact, I forbid you to hang around with that gang anymore!!



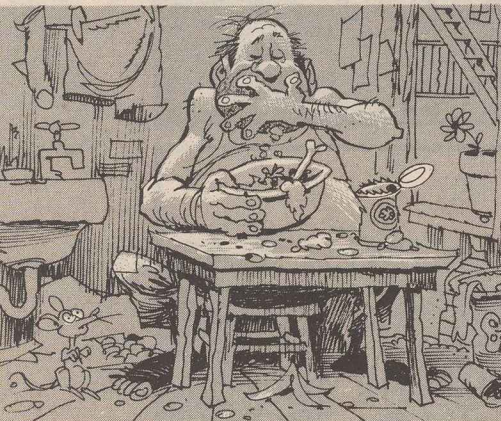




WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

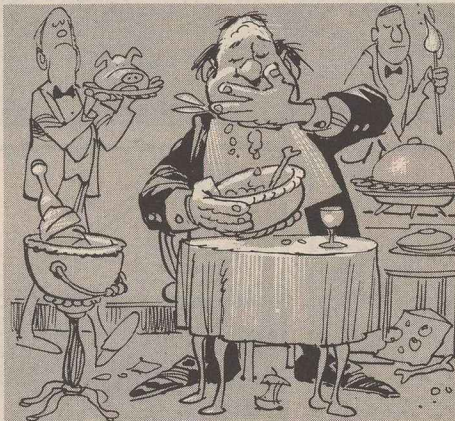
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



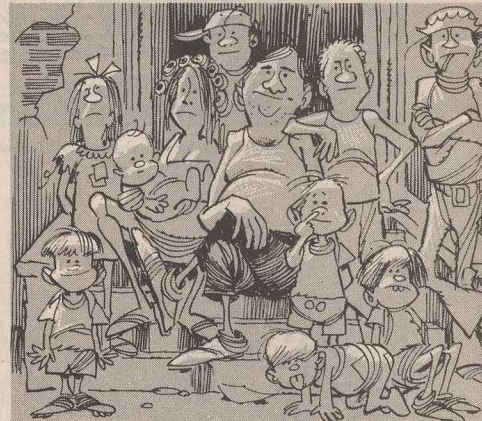
... you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



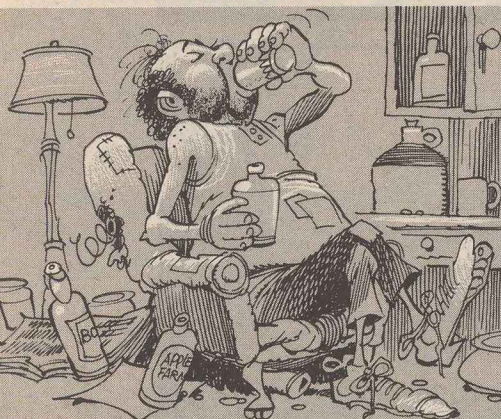
... you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



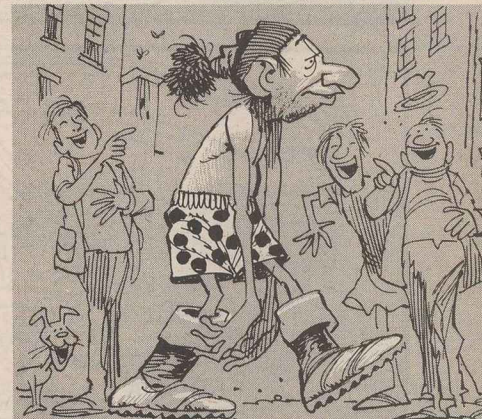
... you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



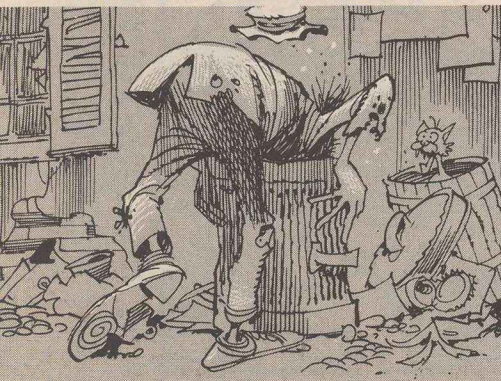
... you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



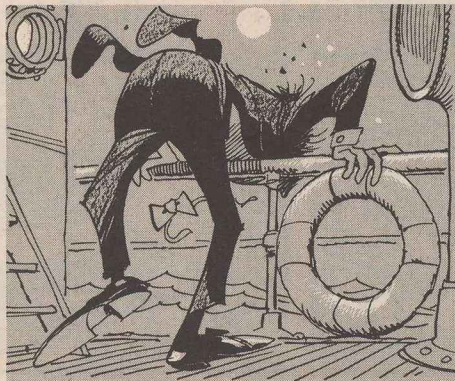
... you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you succumb to a sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



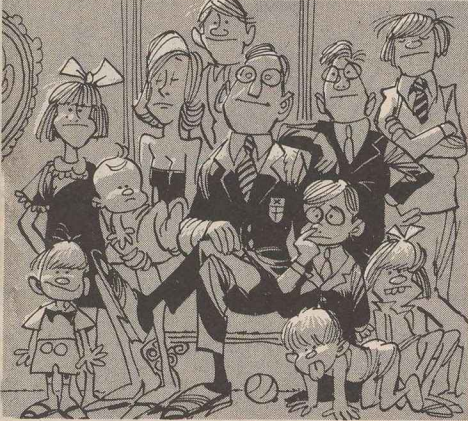
... you gamble away your salary at the track.



ND... WHEN YOU'RE RICH

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



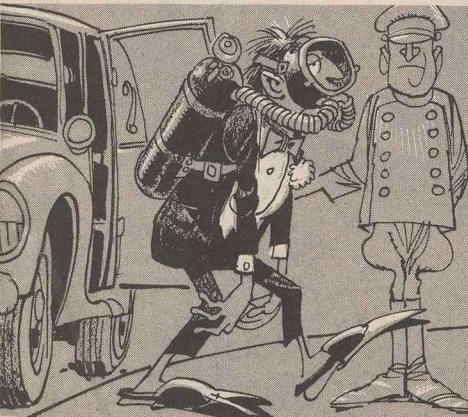
... you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



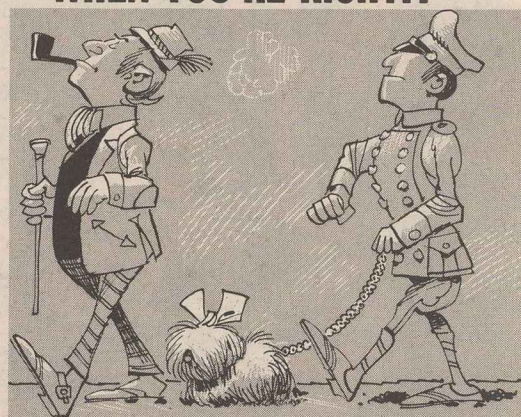
... you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



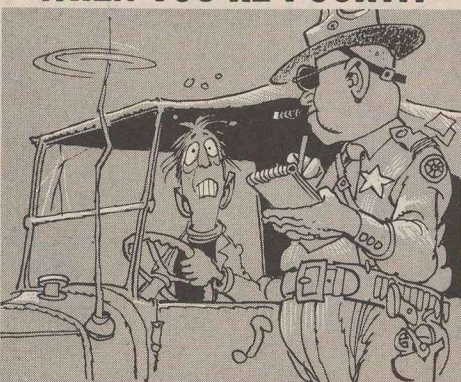
... you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



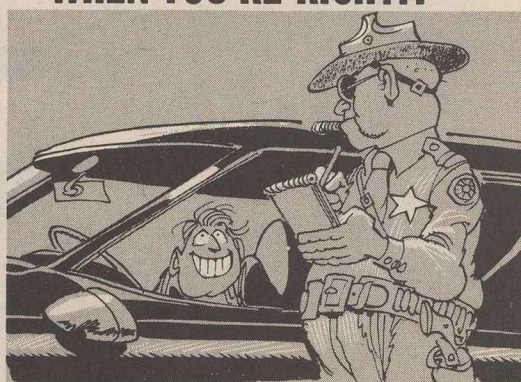
... you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

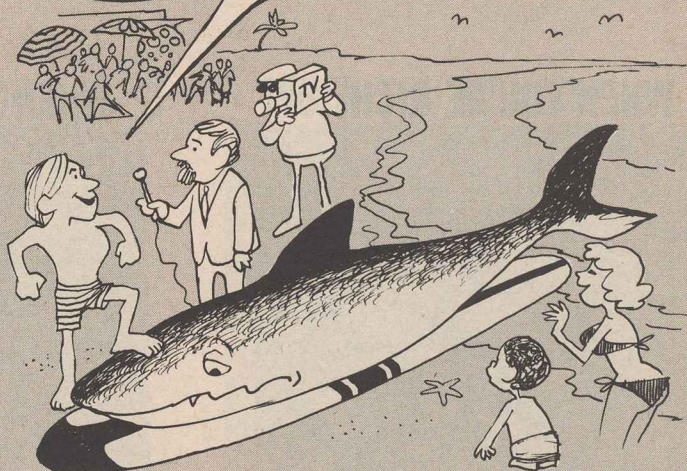
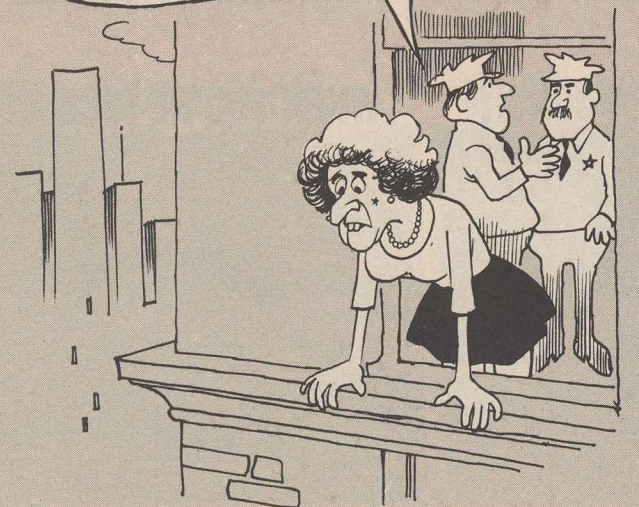
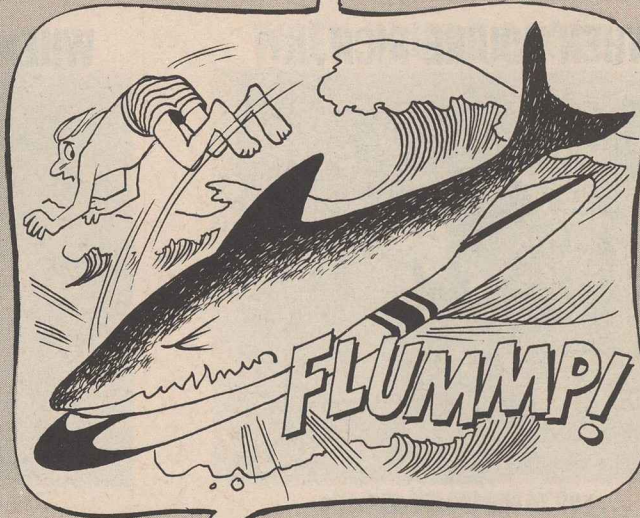
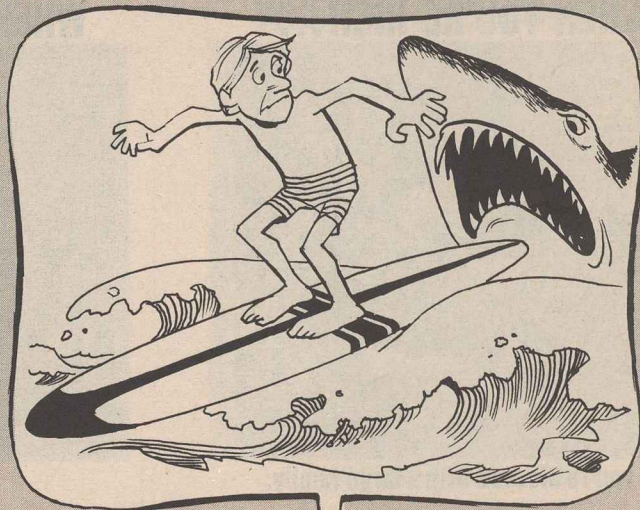
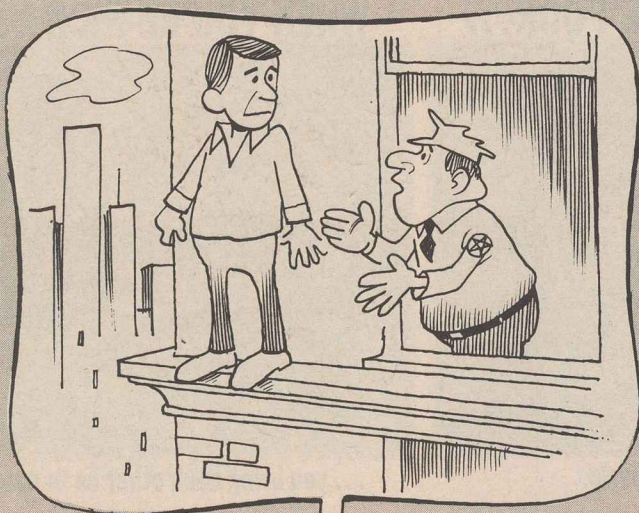
WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

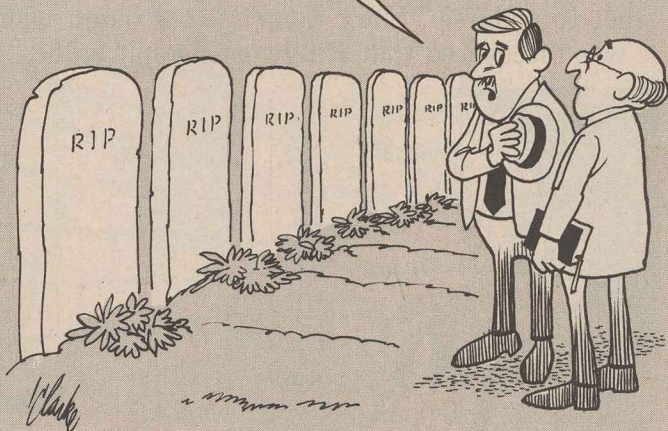
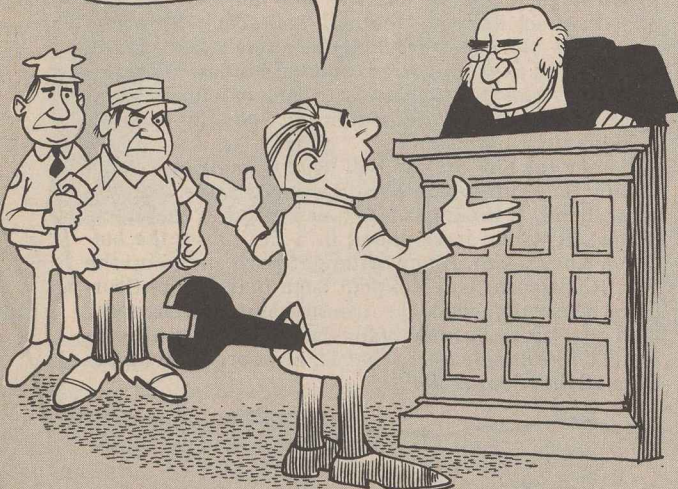
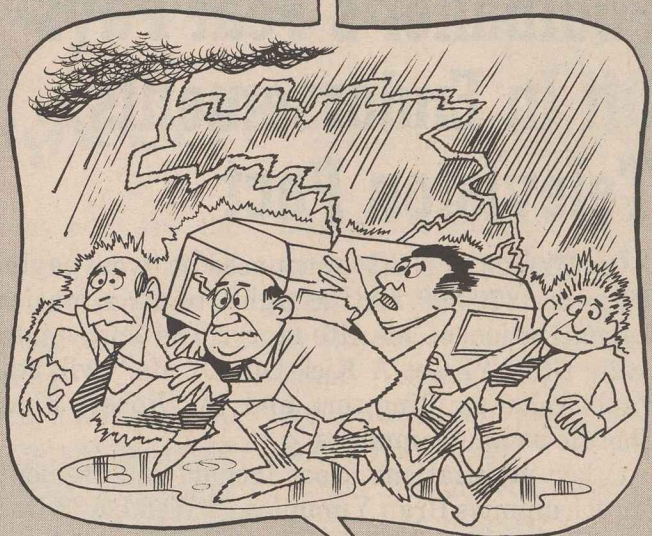
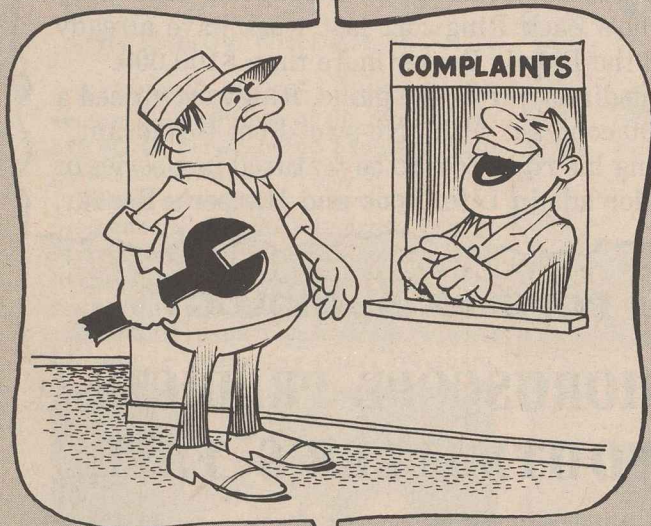
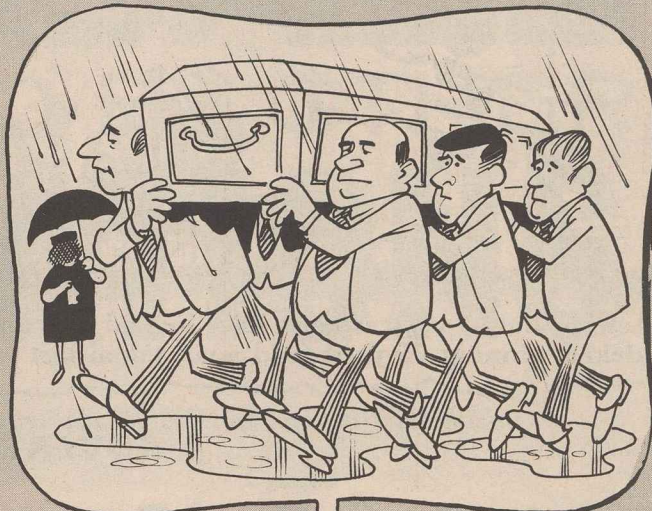
WHAT'S TH

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



E STORY...?

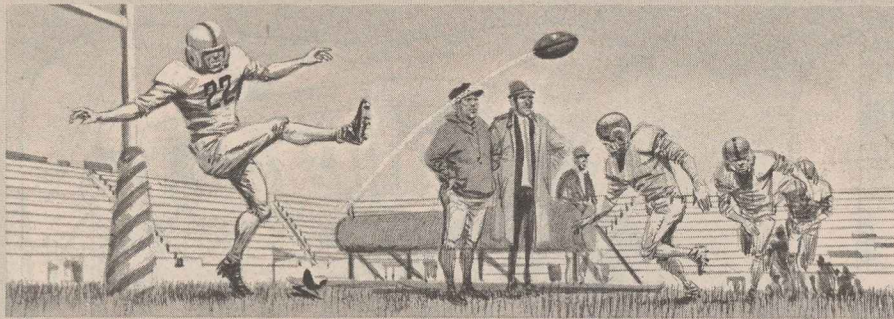
WRITER: DON EDWING



When a sports reporter covers a football game, he doesn't mess around. He watches all the action, keeps track of all the plays, then steals the notes of another sports reporter and writes up the game in typical newspaper sports section style:

KOKOMO WHIPS MUNCIE 68-67 BEHIND KICKING OF RINGWORT

KOKOMO, Ind. (AP)—The educated toe of Zack Ringwort today gave the Kokomo Kangaroos a 68 to 67 victory over the Muncie Mincers. The win assured the Kangaroos undisputed possession of fifth



Action shot of what it must have looked like today as Ringwort kicked winning 75-yard field goal, taken last week at practice.

place in the North Central Indiana Pro Football League.

In a record-breaking performance, the Blonde Booter amazed the 85,000 onlookers and the national TV audience by kicking 17 field goals, the last one with but five seconds remaining in the final quarter.

Trailing 67 to 65 on their own 10-yard line, the Kangaroos appeared to have lost the game. Then came the key play of the afternoon, a personal foul called against Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham for kneeling the referee, who was taking a yardage measurement.

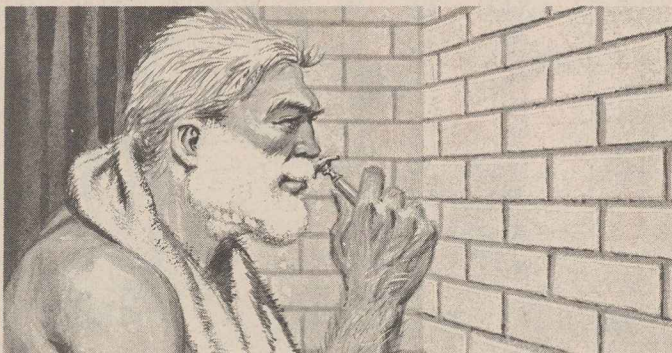
The 15-yard penalty brought Kokomo to its own 25 and set the stage for Ringwort's final kick, a mighty 75-yarder that split the uprights.

ADVERTISING AGE

Footballer's Feat Pays Off In Endorsements, Television Pact

On Monday, NBC announced it was paying Ringwort \$70,000 for the rights to air a musical dramatization of his life story. The epic, tentatively titled "I Get A Kick Out Of Me," will star Paul Anka as Ringwort and the Robert Shaw Chorale as his teammates.

Other negotiations afoot include endorsements for "Crummies Bran Yummies," "Wembley's Denture Cleaner," and "Acme Blast Furnaces." A contract to endorse "Ivory Soap" fell through when it was discovered that Ringwort doesn't bathe.



Zack Ringwort shaves after game. Like other "Commercial-Making" athletes, Ringwort does not need to use a mirror any more, due to having shaved before TV cameras so often.

The record-breaking 17 field goals kicked by Kokomo's Zack Ringwort last week have already netted the Blonde Booter more than \$100,000.

Immediately after the game, Ringwort signed a \$35,000 contract with "No-swet Foot Deodorant," allowing his right foot to be featured in a series of full-color ads in Life, Look and Harper's Bazaar.

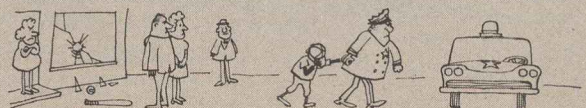
POPULAR ASTROLOGY

HOROSCOPE PREDICTS FOOTBALLER'S FATE

Astrologer Omar Pincus was not the least bit surprised when Kokomo football star Zack Ringwort kicked his 17 record-breaking field goals last month.

"I've been expecting it," explained Pincus. "You see, Ringwort is a Sagittarius with his moon rising in Pisces while Mars is descending in Leo and Venus is marking time in Cancer."

"Lucky for him the football used in the game was a Gemini and the goal-posts were Aquarius. On the other hand, if Kokomo had been playing the Rams (Aries), it would have ended in a tie (Libra, the balance). Then again, Ringwort might have ended up the goat (Capricorn) had Kokomo been playing the Scorpions (Scorpio), since he would have missed every field goal try and probably finished as the team Aquarius (The Water Bearer). That is, of course, if you believe all this Taurus (Bull)!"



The story at the left, of course, is aimed at sports fans who read the sports sections of newspapers. But what about publications that appeal to other kinds of readers? How do they manage to scrounge up a story from the same football game which will interest their readership? You don't know? You'd like us to show you! What a coincidence! We just happen to have, as this next article...

FOOTBALL

AS COVERED BY OTHER PUBLICATIONS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

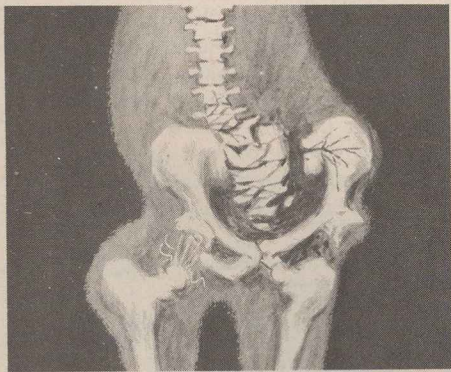
MODERN MEDICINE

Medical Musings

BY HARLOW WOLFRAM, M.D.

A classic example of a dislocated pelvis was the highlight of the recent football game between the Kokomo Kangaroos and Muncie Mincers.

While attempting a yardage measurement in the final quarter, referee Melvin Mishkin received a sharp blow in the *ilium* of his *ossa innominata*. The strength of the blow was attributed to the well-developed *quadriceps femoris* of Muncie linebacker Gus Faversham.



X-RAY OF REFEREE MISHKIN
SHOWING DISLOCATED PELVIS.

The extent of Mishkin's injury was suspected immediately when he was observed lying on the field, in a state of severe shock, unable to rise and his face contorted in marked pain.

Happily, it was announced the next day that he had, indeed, suffered a dislocated pelvis, which confirmed my earlier diagnosis.

HAIRDRESSERS WEEKLY

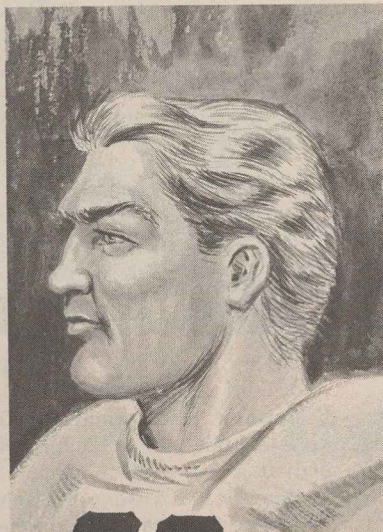
Oooooooh, That Ringwort!

by Charles
of The Ritzy



Those of us who saw the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game in color went simply wild over Zack Ringwort's adorable new hair styling.

What a treat it was when his



Ravishing Ringwort

helmet was knocked off by those nasty fellows on the other team. His wavy coiffure, set off by that *stunning* cowlick, was simply breath-taking. They don't call him the Blonde Booter for nothing!

And his uniform was too much to be believed, the way it complemented his hair coloring. I mean, when he trotted onto the field wearing that *gorgeous* chartreuse jersey and those honey-gold pants, we were all *tingling* with excitement.

I can't for the life of me remember which team won the game, but who cares about a *silly* old score when there's somebody like the Blonde Booter to look at. *Yummy!!*

MAN OF THE WEEK

This week's honors go to Harry Snavely (local 592), scoreboard supervisor at Kokomo Stadium. During last week's Kokomo-Muncie game, won by Kokomo, 68 to 67, Harry was kept mighty busy changing the scoreboard lights for the 85,000 spectators.

"I never seen such a high-scoring game," commented Harry. "In the second quarter, when it was 33 to 31, I could see it was gonna be a real hard day's work. But I had a responsibility to all those fans. So I did the only thing I thought fair—I threatened to walk out unless they paid me double time plus a \$50 bonus for hazard work."

Thanks to Harry's initiative, he was granted his request, plus extra sick leave, a three-month paid vacation, and \$500 in fringe benefits. We know all of our readers will applaud Harry's efforts, which are in the highest tradition of honest and fair Unionism.



"MAN OF THE WEEK" SNAVELY

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Wife Feeds Kids To Tropical Fish While Hubby Watches Football Game

While football fan Louis Ebbenfletzer was watching the Kokomo Kangaroos edge out the Muncie Mincers, 68 to 67, on television, his wife, Margo, was dropping their three children in Ebbenfletzer's tropical fish tank full of man-eating Piranhas.

"I was so thrilled by Zack Ringwort's record-breaking 17 field goals that I didn't pay any attention to the screams coming from the other room," said Ebbenfletzer.

"Actually, it was a mean thing for my wife to do," he explained. "My kids were all football fans and they would have gotten a big kick out of watching Ringwort's fantastic performance."

BIG DAY FOR OUR GUS AT BIG FOOTBALL GAME

Inmates will be pleased to hear that recent parolee Gus Faversham (3 to 10, armed robbery) was prominently involved in last week's Kokomo-Muncie football game.

Although Faversham's Muncie squad was nosed out, 68 to 67, our Gus did his part for the Mincers when he kneed the referee with only five seconds left in the game.

Those of you who know Gus will not be surprised to hear that the referee had to be carried off the field.



GUS FAVERSHAM



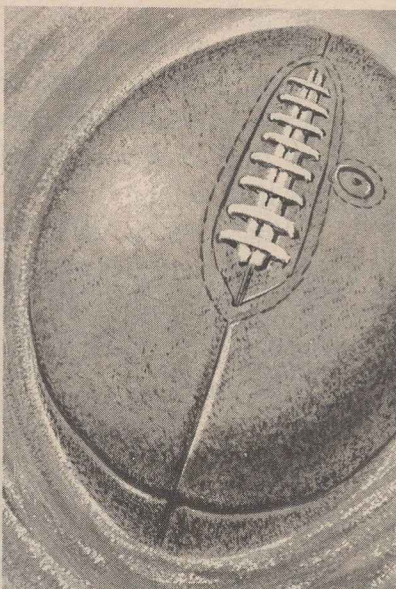
HIS FAMOUS KNEE

Gus is having a ~~terrific~~ ^{terrific} year in pro football. Not only is he leading his team in personal fouls, but there is a good chance he will be thrown out of the league.

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY

PLAYBOY

ACTION SHOT OF THE ISSUE



Titled "Poetry in Flight," this exposure of Kokomo footballer Zack Ringwort's game-winning 75-yard kick was taken at 1/1200th of a second at f. 1.2 with a 305mm Spitz-Grommish lens, using Schlachrome film. The angle captured the ball on its downward flight, just before it shattered the photographer's Luminox X-14 Super-Speed Duoflex.



PLAYBOY

AFTER HOURS

Pièce de Resistance: An observer at the Kokomo-Muncie pro football game reports watching a grandstand Casanova trying, with no visible success, to embrace his shapely, but uncooperative, companion. After one especially ardent attempt, the obstinate lass responded with a resounding slap to the Lothario's face. At the same moment, the public address system, commenting on a particular play on the field, blared out: "Penalty of fifteen yards for pass interference."

CASKET & SUNNYSIDE THE UNDERTAKER'S MONTHLY

Editor's Note:

We regret to inform our readers that we can no longer report on professional football games. Due to the lack of fatal injuries, as witnessed in the recent Kokomo-Muncie game, our athletic correspondents have been instructed to restrict their reporting to the only interesting sport left in America—boxing.

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang, it's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

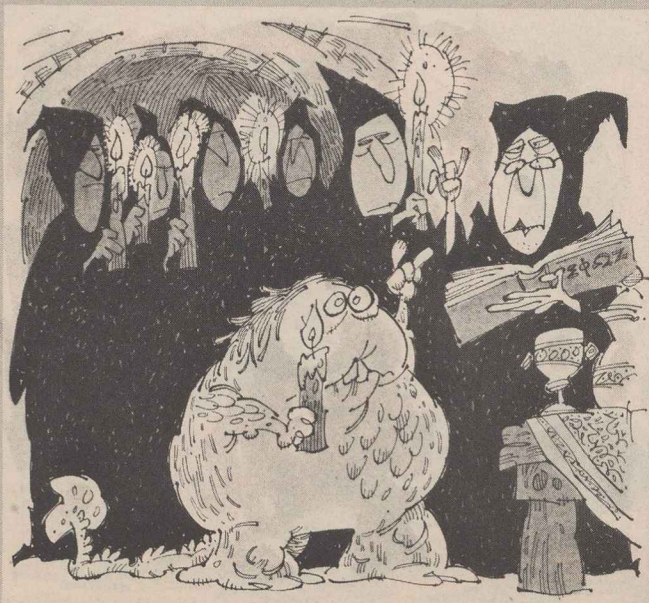
WRITER: MAY SAKAMI



Reviving an OLD CUSTOM



Cooking Up A ALIBI



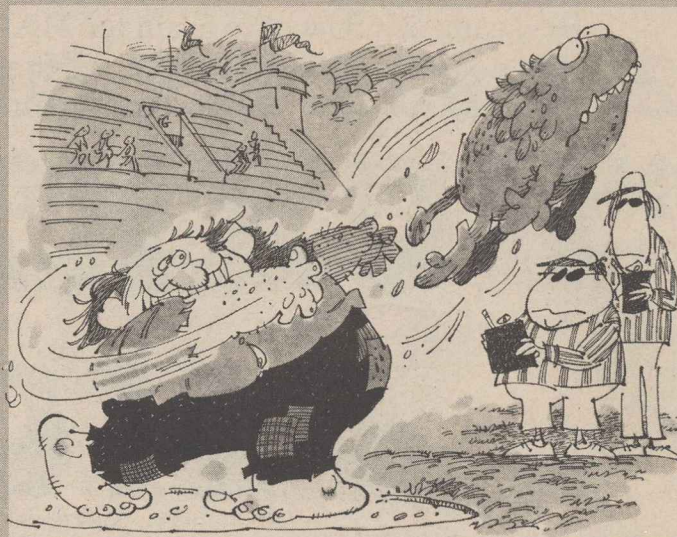
Initiating A PROGRAM



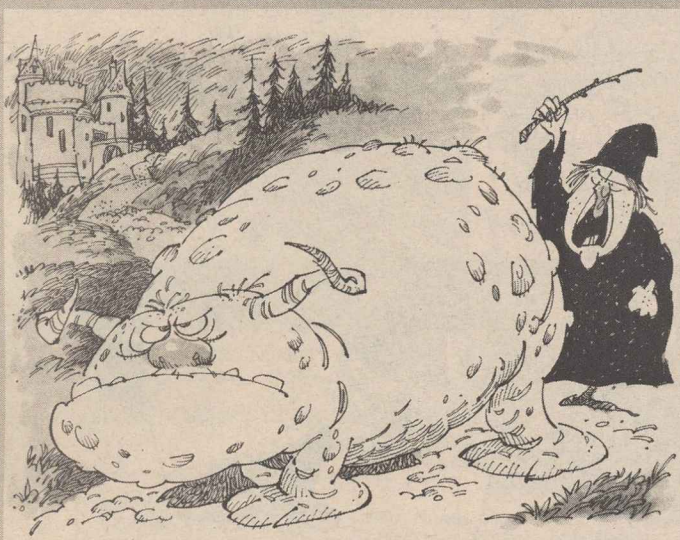
Batting An IDEA Around



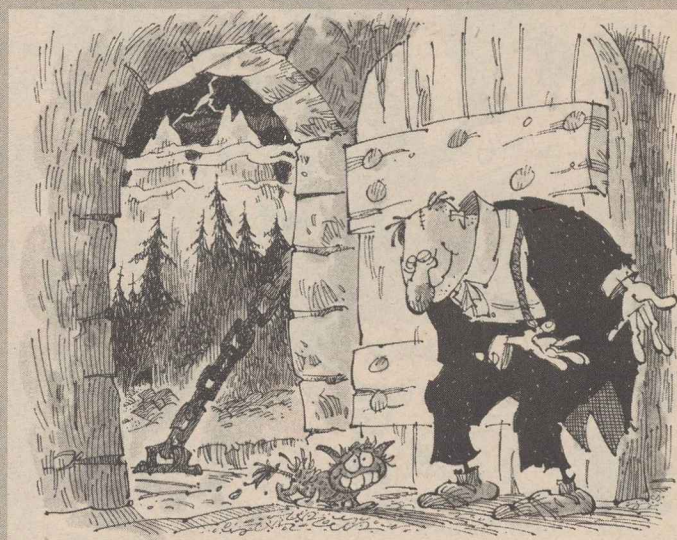
Casing A JOINT



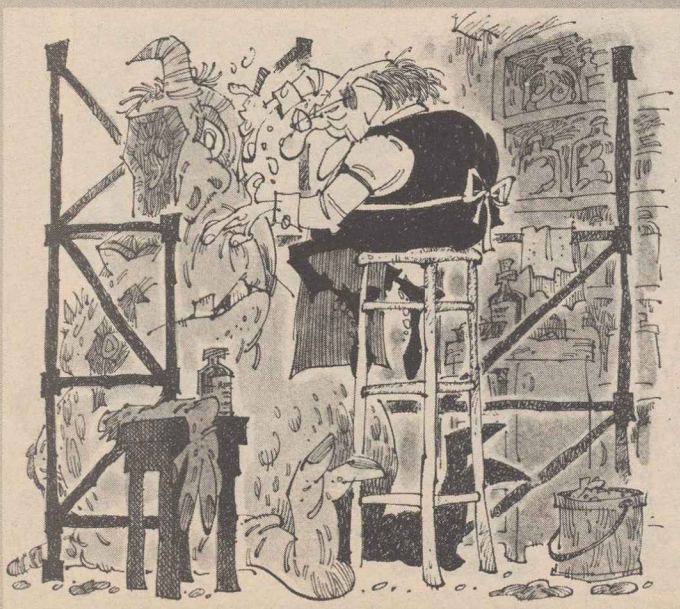
Hurling An INVECTIVE



Driving A MEAN BARGAIN



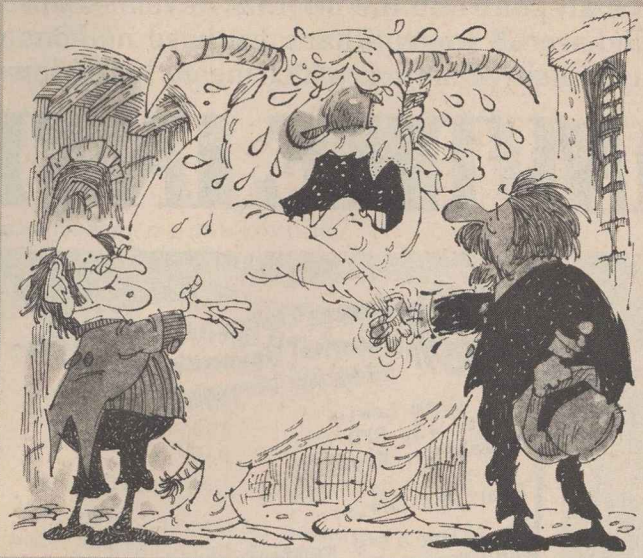
Ushering In An ERA



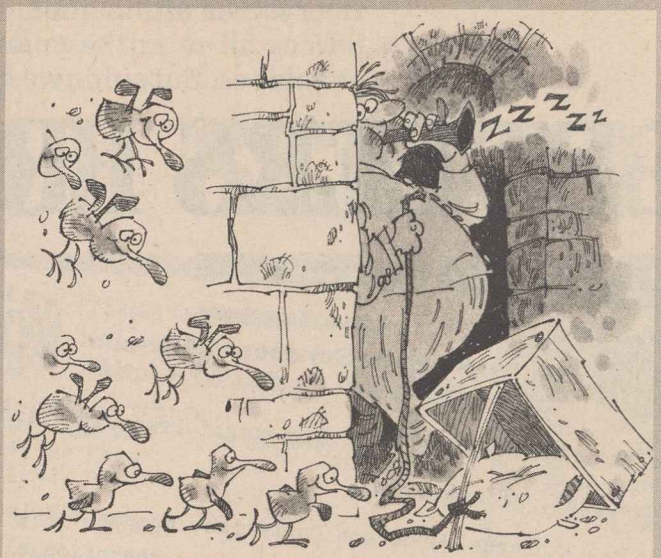
Restoring A CONFIDENCE



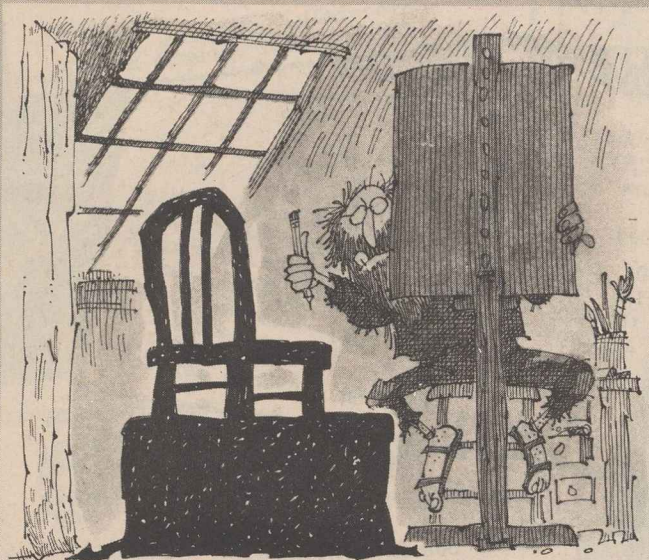
Chalking Up A VICTORY



Meeting a **CRYING** NEED



Catching **FORTY** WINKS



Drawing A **BLANK**



Dangling A **PARTICIPLE**



Going Through A **PHASE**



Redressing A **WRONG**

Every year at this time, tons of mail pour into the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. And we all know what's in **those** millions of envelopes. But since we have an inquisitive nature (which means we're down-

LETTERS FROM THE INTE

WRITTEN BY:



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mrs. Mimi Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts
66 Vamp Lane
Grossepoint, Michigan

Dear Mrs. Lafarge Henderson Cartwright Prescott Wilson Roberts:
Yes, the Government does permit certain deduction allowances for uniforms. But it is our opinion that your Wedding Gown does not qualify, even though you use it periodically.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. John McGurk
c/o Kelsey's Bar & Grill
13344 Borax Street
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Mr. McGurk:
We are sorry to inform you that a joint return does not mean you may deduct everyone in the joint.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Mr. Harris Maryland
6108 Pennsylvania Road
Kansas, Rhode Island

Dear Mr. Maryland:
We are sorry to inform you that we must disallow your deduction of \$688.99 for a new 23" Color TV set to replace your old 12" Black-and-White set because your Doctor advised you to avoid eyestrain.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Grandma Mosey
Wilkins Farm
Wilkins, Vermont

Dear Grandma Mosey:
Thank you for the apple pie, the cookies, and the strawberry preserves. But we still would like a check. After all, you DID earn \$264,329.00 from those "little paintings you do."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Clem Lewis
Route #3, RFD
Tomahawk, Wyoming

Dear Mr. Lewis:
We think it's wonderful that you have been married to Mrs. Lewis for 47 years. Unfortunately, a wife does not qualify for a depreciation allowance.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



District Director

Webber and Webber
12385 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Messrs. Webber:
Of course business lunches are deductible for Income Tax purposes. But one partner taking the other out to lunch on alternating days throughout the year is not allowable.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Jerome Batchler
30 Lincoln Road
Miami Beach, Florida

Dear Mr. Batchler:
We will need a fuller explanation regarding your relationship with Miss Zelda Funzie. There is no regulation that allows you to deduct someone who is "just like a wife to you."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Norman Bubblebrook
100 Steinmetz Street
Gluckstern, Iowa

Dear Mr. Bubblebrook:
We are disallowing your Medical Expense deduction of \$8,759.22. We appreciate the fact that your slipped disc causes you some pain from time to time. Nevertheless, we do think that you should be able to find a qualified Doctor closer to your home than San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

right nosey), we've often wondered what's in the millions of envelopes that pour OUT of the Internal Revenue Service offices all over the country. We imagine that this is just about what we'd find if we could examine the . . .

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Viola Messy
21 Idiot Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Miss Messy:

You are correct in assuming that gifts are exempt from Federal Income Taxes. However, we do not agree that the check you receive from your employer every Friday for \$131.72 is a gift, even though he always says it is.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. George Buttkvetch
Professor of Anatomy
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Dear Professor Buttkvetch:

We realize that there are certain educational materials which you must have in order to teach Anatomy. But we do not feel that subscriptions to Playboy, Penthouse, Dude and Gent are among them.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Guiseppi Spaggatini
Boss of the Brooklyn Waterfront
Pier 6
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Spaggatini:

We suspect that there is an error in your recent Tax Return, since you indicate that you only earn \$2,000 per annum. We would like to point out that "per annum" means "per year" . . . not "per DAY!"

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Herb Wolffe
Swinging Singles Apartments
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Wolffe:

Whatever you spend on Doctors in hospitals is deductible. But whatever you spend on Nurses visiting your "pad" is not.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Jennifer Hansen
c/o Mr. and Mrs. John Hansen
265 Gripe Road
Portland, Ohio

Dear Miss Hansen:

Even though your Daddy claims that we take away every penny we can get our hands on, we are happy to inform you that we do not want any part of the \$11.75 you earned last year baby sitting.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service

Mr. Lucky Franzetti
Gauche Casino
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Mr. Franzetti:

We are sorry, but you will have to send us a check for the full amount. We are not permitted to "roll you for it, double or nothing."

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Mr. Mark David Nietsdlef
Apt. H-15
71 East 200th Street
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Nietsdlef:

It is true that every year, the Government pays millions of dollars to farmers for not growing wheat. However, it is not possible for you to deduct \$250 for not growing it in your window box.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



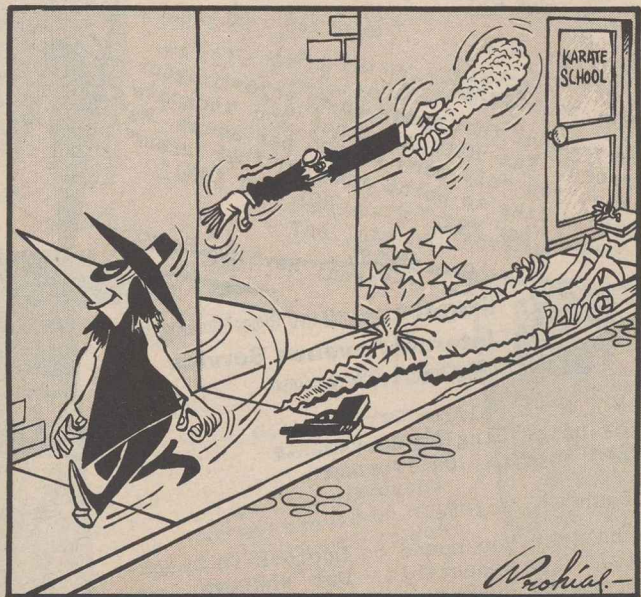
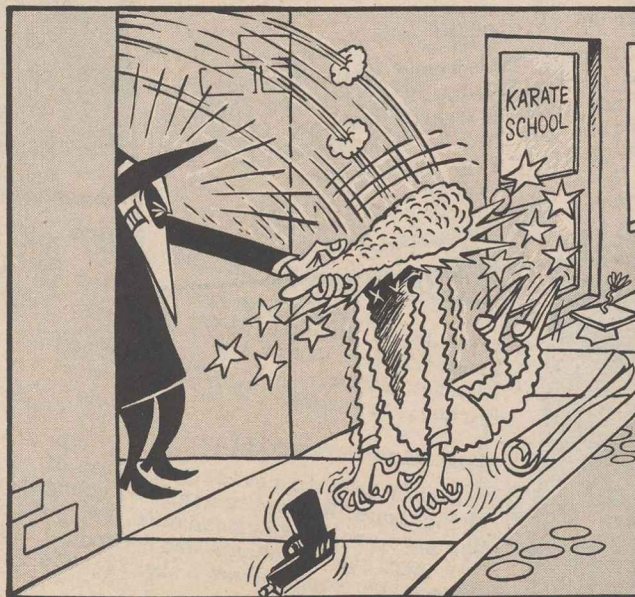
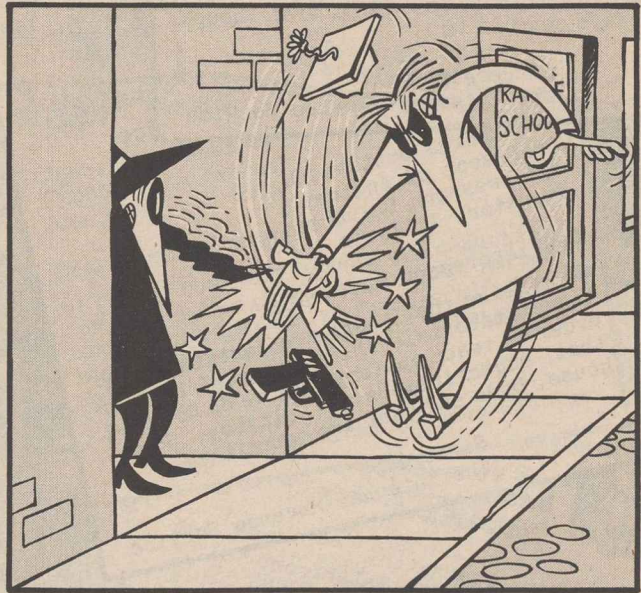
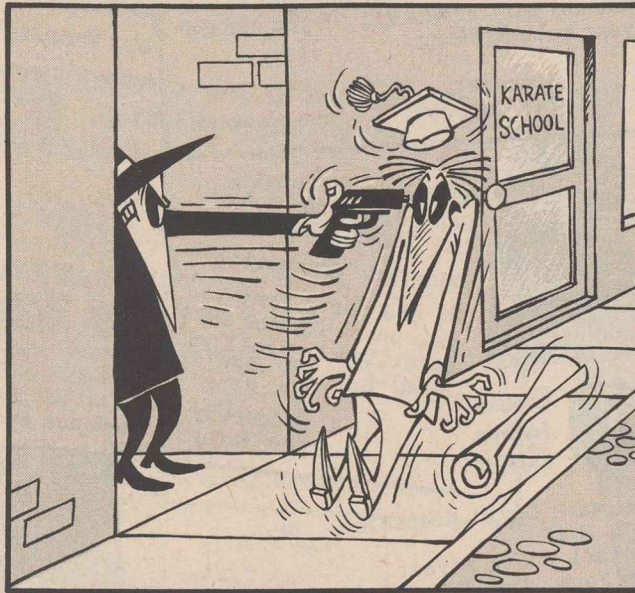
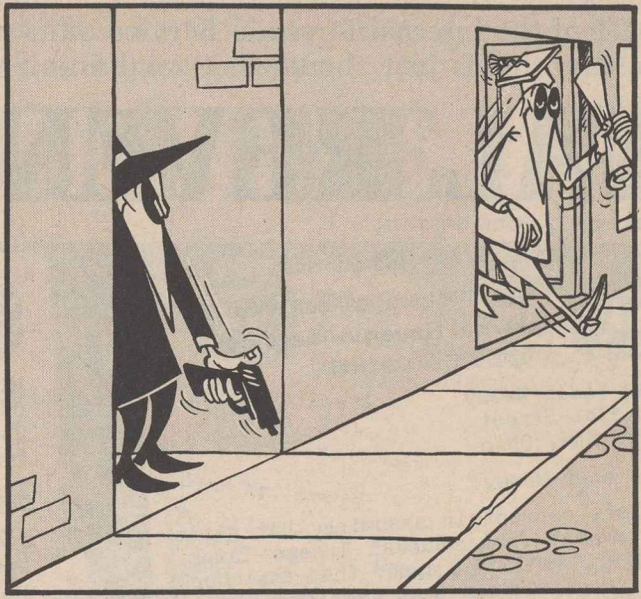
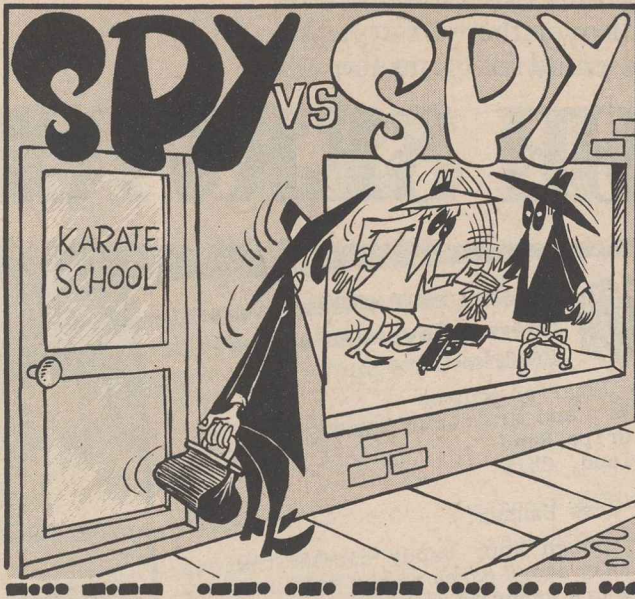
Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service
District Director

Miss Joyce Bergenklein
Kindergarten Class 102
Finster School
Gurney, New York

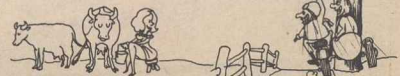
Dear Miss Bergenklein:

You will have to revise your list of deductions. We realize that 26 youngsters can give you one big headache, but \$831.52 for aspirin, icebags and tranquilizers cannot be considered a legitimate Professional expense.

Sincerely,
The Internal Revenue Service



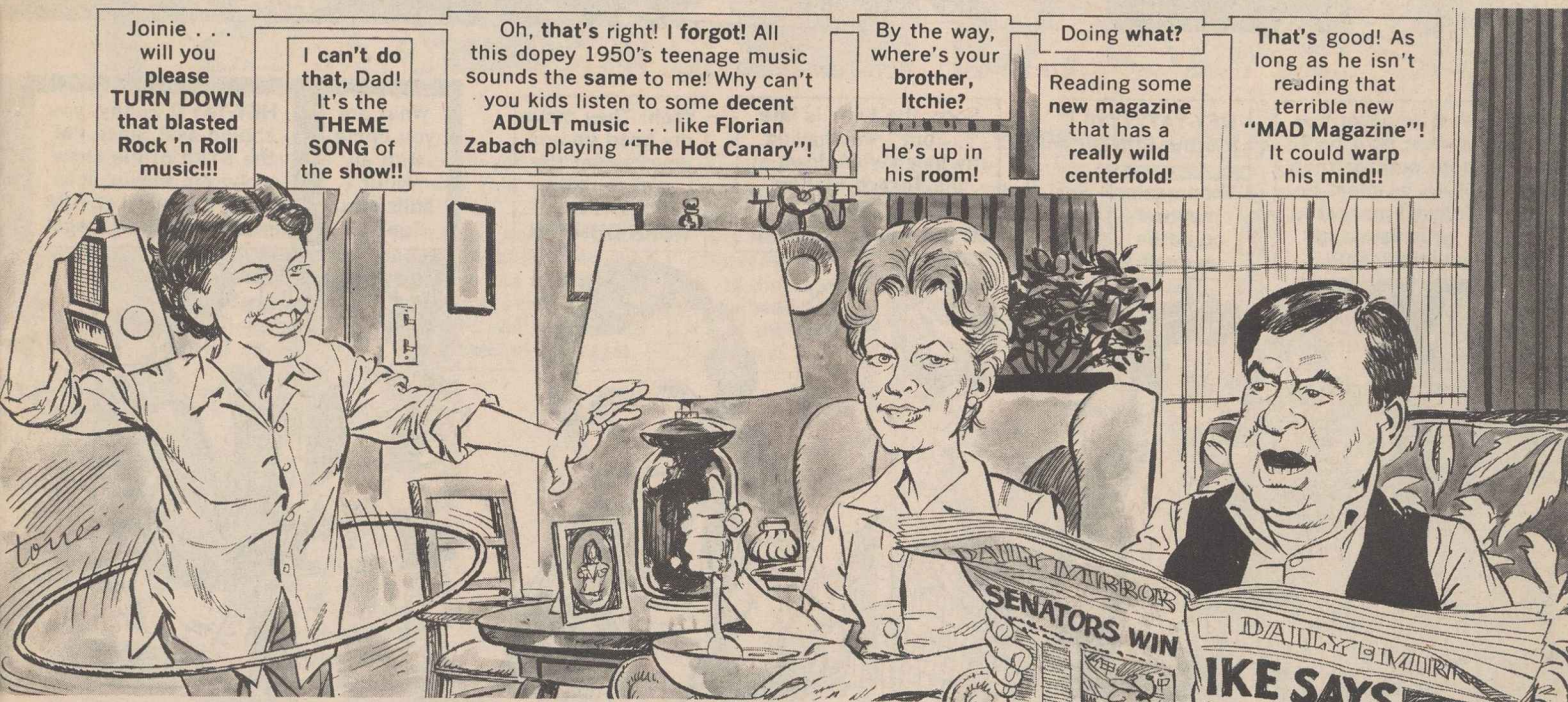
Prohial-



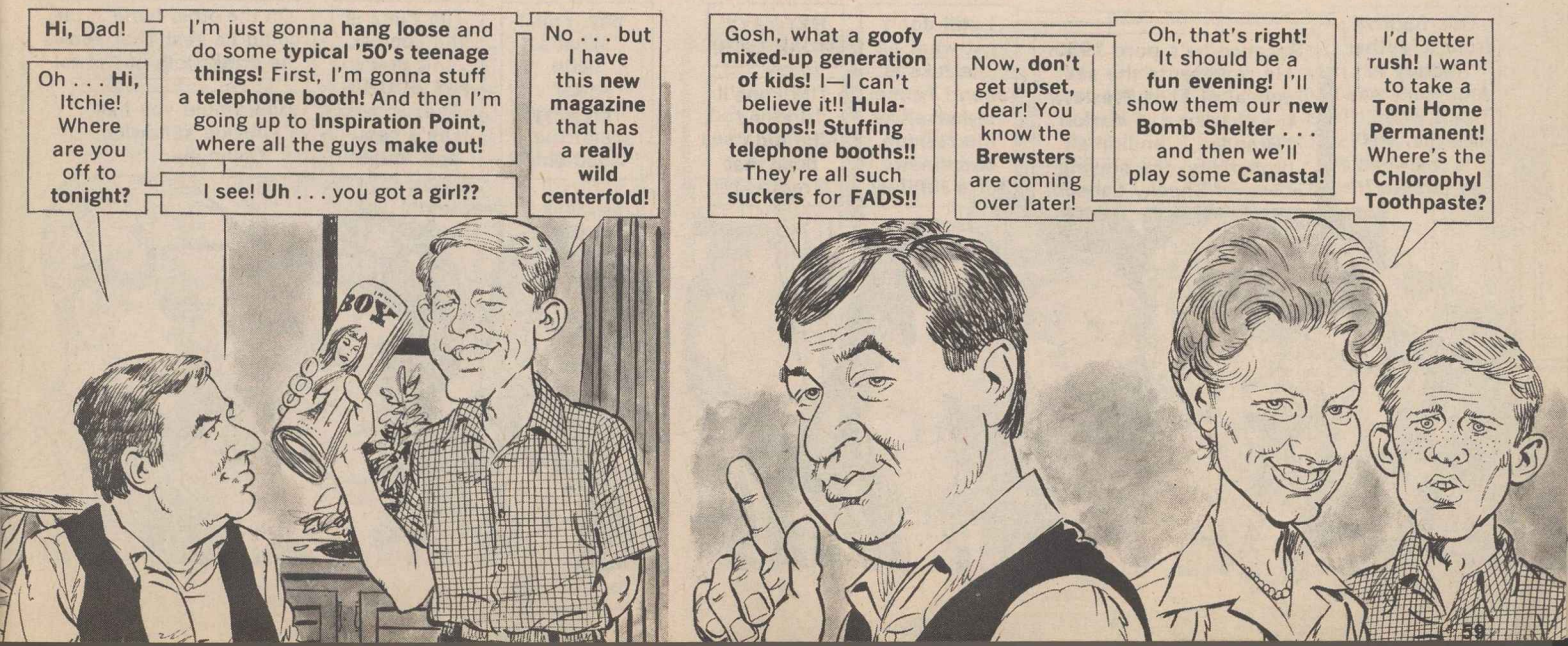
THE FATUOUS FIFTIES DEPT.

Have you noticed that people seem to get disgustingly nostalgic about things they weren't really very crazy about in the first place? Like the 50's? We figure that any decade that had the Korean War, the Edsel, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Davy Crockett hats, the Hula-Hoop and Pat Boone wearing fruit boots can't be ALL GOOD! And yet, the hottest show on TV these days is about this very bland, very silly decade where the biggest problem seemed to be *who* was making out with *whom*, and how fast your face would clear up. So, okay nerds. Go put on your blue suede shoes, your pedal pushers, your ankle slave bracelets and your leather jackets and get yourselves arrested for committing an idiocy while reading

CRAPPY DAYS



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Hi, Dad!

I'm just gonna hang loose and do some typical '50's teenage things! First, I'm gonna stuff a telephone booth! And then I'm going up to Inspiration Point, where all the guys make out!

No... but I have this new magazine that has a really wild centerfold!

I see! Uh... you got a girl??

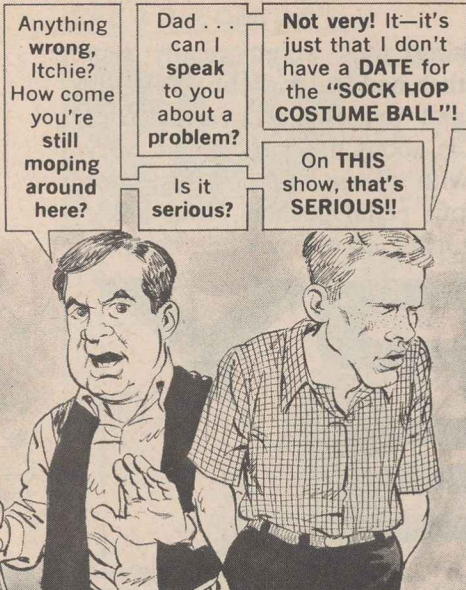
Gosh, what a goofy mixed-up generation of kids! I—I can't believe it!! Hula-hoops!! Stuffing telephone booths!! They're all such suckers for FADS!!

Now, don't get upset, dear! You know the Brewsters are coming over later!

Oh, that's right! It should be a fun evening! I'll show them our new Bomb Shelter... and then we'll play some Canasta!

I'd better rush! I want to take a Toni Home Permanent! Where's the Chlorophyl Toothpaste?

Oh... Hi, Itchie! Where are you off to tonight?



Anything wrong, Itchie? How come you're still moping around here?

Dad . . . can I speak to you about a problem?

Is it serious?

Not very! It—it's just that I don't have a **DATE** for the **"SOCK HOP COSTUME BALL"**!

On **THIS** show, that's **SERIOUS!!**



I don't know, Dad! Something **weird** is happening to me . . . **career-wise!** In every '50's film, I used to be the most popular teenage symbol around! And now, I seem to be losing it all!

Nonsense, Itchie! We all love you . . . even more than ever!

YOU do! But the girls in school . . . and the audience out there . . . **THEY DON'T!** Someone **ELSE** is taking my place!!

Itchie, the audience out there watches this show because they like to live in the past! They **DIG NOSTALGIA!**

So do **!!** Boy, am I nostalgic for the "good old days"!!

When were the "good old days"?

About two years ago . . . when I was the Star of this show!



Well, whoever this person is, if he's more popular than **YOU**, he must be very well-mannered, articulate and intelligent!

HEY-YAYYYYY!! It's the **FUNZ!!**

Then again, maybe I could be wrong!!



Sorry the Funz is late . . . but I was having my hair styled down at the **Texaco Station!**

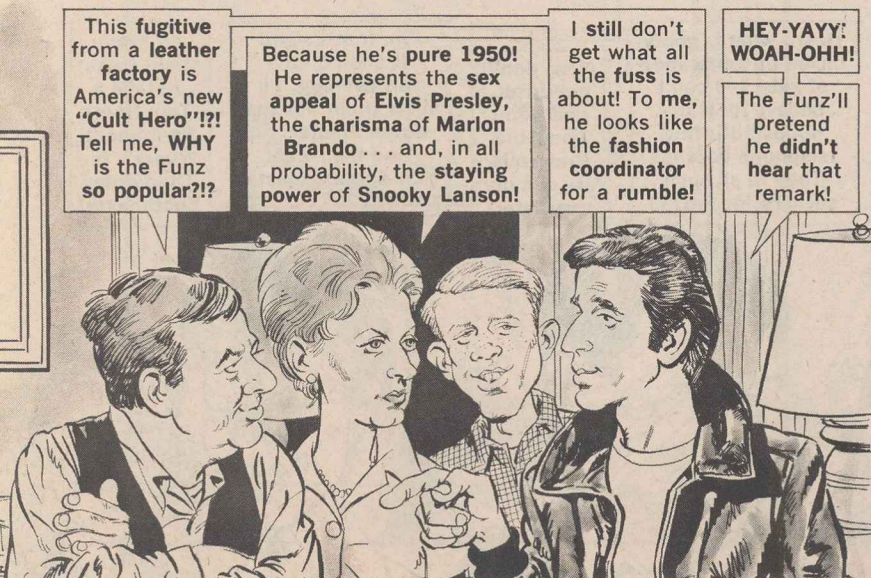
At the **Texaco Station**??!

Yeah! They move my head up and down under the **grease rack!** **HEY-YAYYYYY!!** **WOAH-OHHHH!!**



What are you doing with all your suitcases, Funzie??

HEY-YAY!! Funny, you should ask! Since I'M the **STAR** of the show now, I'm movin' into Itchie's room! Let **HIM** sleep over the garage!



This fugitive from a leather factory is America's new "Cult Hero"!?! Tell me, **WHY** is the Funz so popular?!!

Because he's pure **1950!** He represents the sex appeal of **Elvis Presley**, the charisma of **Marlon Brando** . . . and, in all probability, the staying power of **Snooky Lanson!**

I still don't get what all the fuss is about! To me, he looks like the **fashion coordinator** for a rumble!

HEY-YAY!! **WOAH-OHH!**

The Funz'll pretend he didn't hear that remark!



Say, Funz! What's with the "Hey-yay" and the "Woah-ohh"?

The Funz is the coolest, and that's **HIS SOUND!** That shows he's cool and tough!

On the **other** hand . . . it could be gas! That shows he drinks lots of **Cokes!**

How would you like a knuckle sandwich, Cullingham?!?

Come on, now!
Relax, Funzie!
Why don't you
take off your
jacket and
make yourself
at home?

HEY-YAY!! Easy, Mrs. C!
The jacket **STAYS ON!!**
Where the Funz goes, the
threads go! The Funz has
worn this same outfit
for over three years now!

We **KNOW**, Funz! We've been
meaning to **TALK** to you about
that! It's starting to get a
little—shall we say—**GAMEY!**

And how would **YOU** like a
knuckle sandwich, Mrs. C?!!



I hope I'm not interrupting
something important, Funz!

WHAT TV Show? WHAT
crucial turning point?

Be with you in a **second**,
Itchie! I just wanna
catch this! One of the
great TV Shows of the
1950's is reaching a
crucial turning point!

It's the "Mickey Mouse
Club"... and I just
noticed that Annette
Funicello's **BRA SIZE**
is now a lot bigger
than her **MOUSE EARS!**



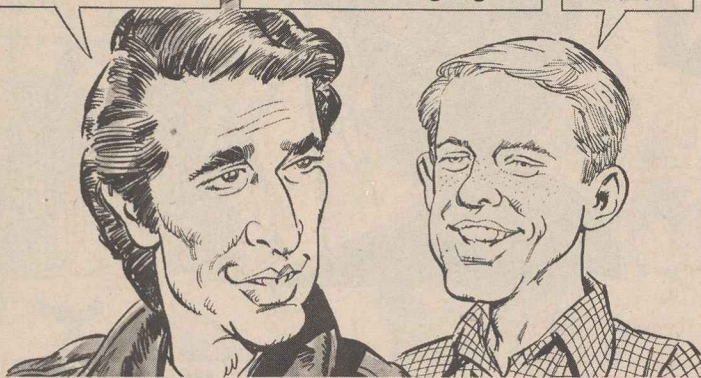
Gee, Funzie, I'm in a
bind! I don't have a
date for the Sock
Hop Costume Ball, and
I really want to go!

How do you do it, Funz?
What's your secret...?

Wow! What
wisdom!!
And they
say Adlai
Stevenson
is the
egghead
of the
fifties!

Le'me tell you the Funz's
philosophy about women! A
woman is like a car! Check
'er out frequently, kick 'er
once in a while, and keep
'er locked in a garage!

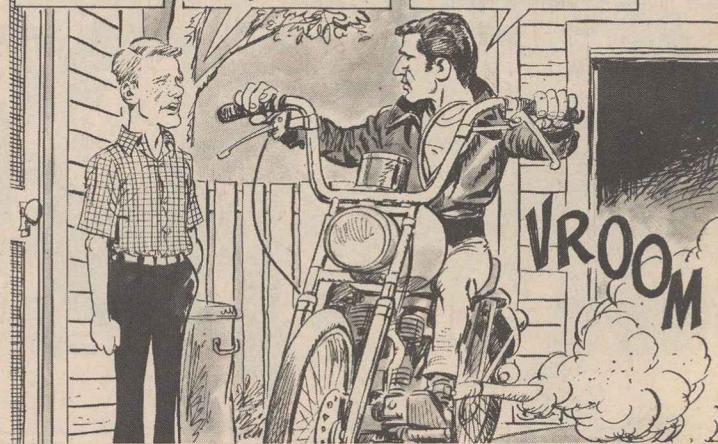
Cool it, Cullingham!
The Funz'll get you
one of **HIS** chicks!!



Right now,
I need some
action! I'll
see you later
at Arnerd's
Malt Shop!

How come you're
always on the
move... always
going somewhere
on your bike?

Man, I wanna make
every second count!
I hear that in 20
years, there is
gonna be a terrific
GAS SHORTAGE



Look! All
the nerds
are here!

Hi,
Putzie!
Hi,
Riff!

Hi, fellas! I was
just telling Putzie
about this chick I
picked up at the
movies! I took her
up to Inspiration
Point... and had a
"perfect night"!

Yeah! A
"perfect
night"!
He went
0 for 9
in makeout
attempts!

Oh, yeah!
And I'll
bet **YOU'RE**
some smooth
operator!

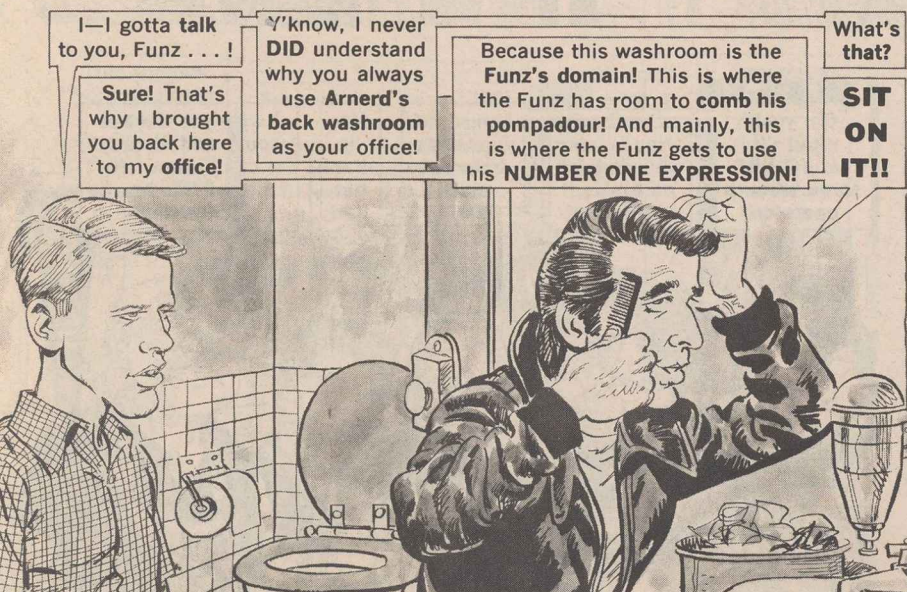
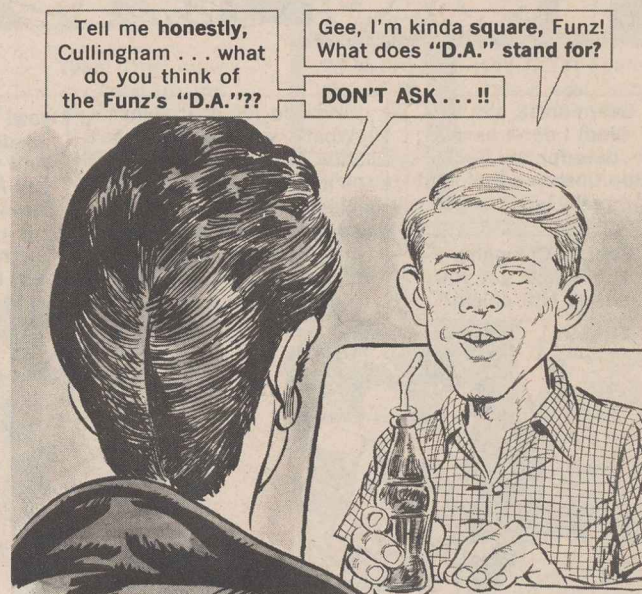
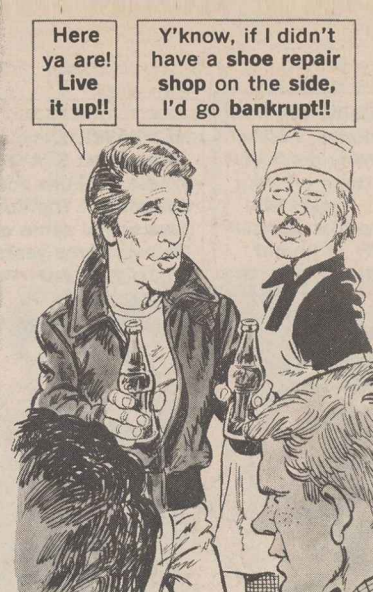
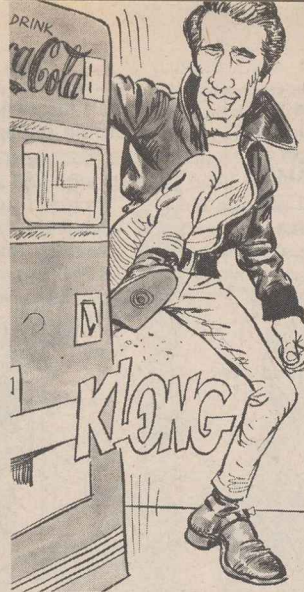
Hey... are
you cruisin'
for a
bruisin'?!
Ahh, drink
your soup
before it
clots!

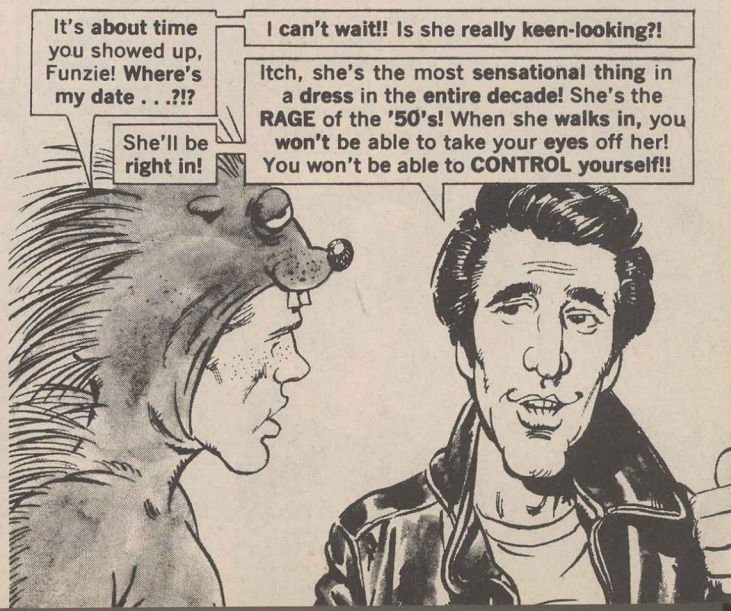
Ahh, drink
your soup
before it
clots!

Har
de
har
har
har!

I wish the decade
would end already!
I can't stand any
more of this insane
1950's lingo!







I thwear... I'll kiwwl you a miwwlion times...



Uncle MILTY is my date for the Sock Hop Costume Ball ??! Why, Funzie? WHY?

'Cause that's the Funz's JOB on this show, you nerd, you!

WHAT?? To bring on some Comedian in DRAG?!

No, clod, to pull in the RATINGS!! And in the '50's, Uncle Miltie is NUMBER ONE in the RATINGS!!



Well, I gotta be going now! I'm off to my new '50's job: "Valet Car Stripping!"

Funz, why don't you settle down and straighten out?? You know... America is the land of opportunity for the right kind of men!!

I know! That's why I'm staying EXACTLY where I am, Mr. C.!!

How come... ??!

In what other country can a man like me... in his 30's... make a million bucks playing the part of a 19-year-old... giving everyone "The Finger"??!



HEY-YAYYYY!!

WOAH-OHHH!!



Holy cow!! Look what just walked into our show! A—a BLACK kid!

Not yet!! I'm still a NEGRO! I won't be a BLACK for another ten years! In fact, it's been only five years since I was COLORED!

There must be some mistake! Blacks aren't on television in the '50's!

I KNOW!! But I think I'll just wait around here at the dance!!

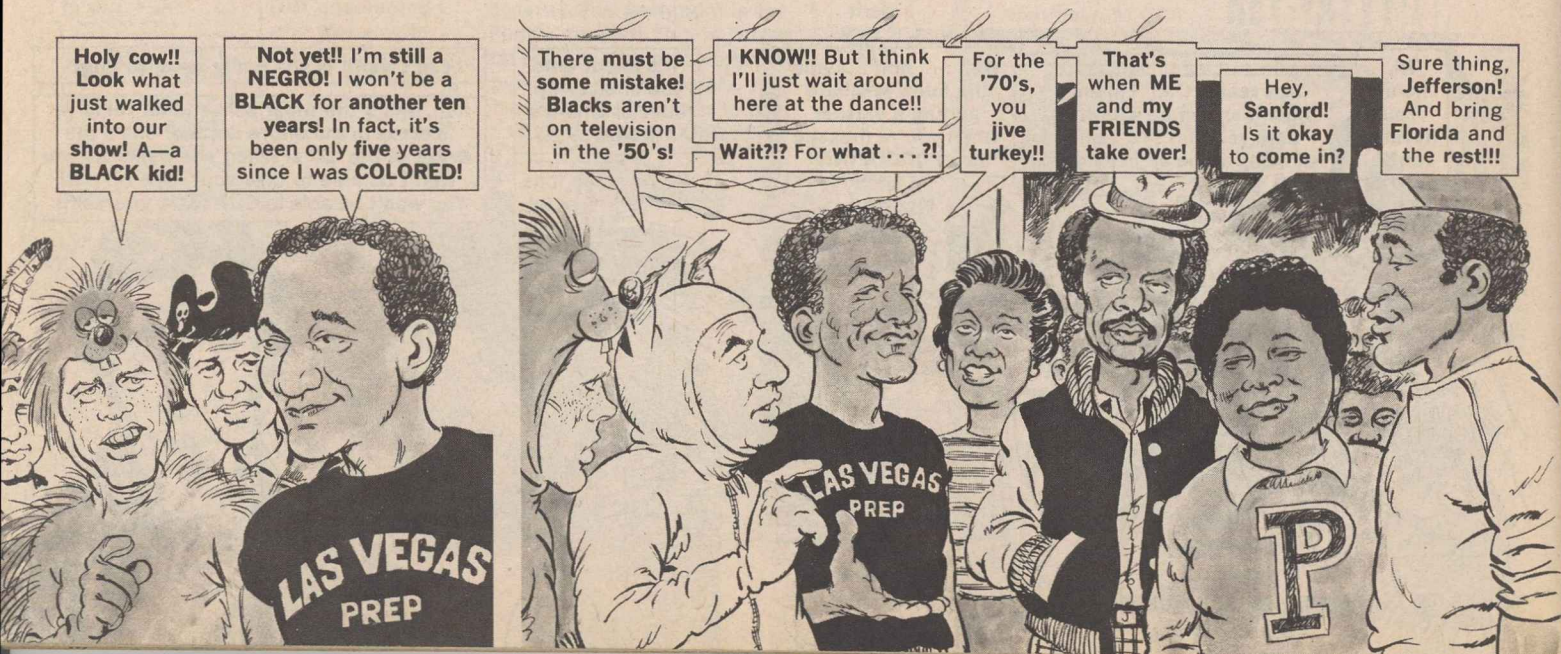
Wait?? For what... ?!

For the '70's, you jive turkey!!

That's when ME and my FRIENDS take over!

Hey, Sanford! Is it okay to come in?

Sure thing, Jefferson! And bring Florida and the rest!!!



WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Nothing on earth has ever defied the "Law of Gravity." Until recently, that is! Now, an amazing new development has clearly demonstrated that the "Law of Gravity" can not only be broken, it can be completely ignored as well. To find out what is doing this, fold in page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THAT WHICH GOES UP... MUST OF COURSE
COME DOWN! THIS FIRST AND GREATEST
OF EARTH'S NATURAL LAWS GOVERNS ALL
LIFE, AND NEEDS NO SCIENTIFIC PROVING



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

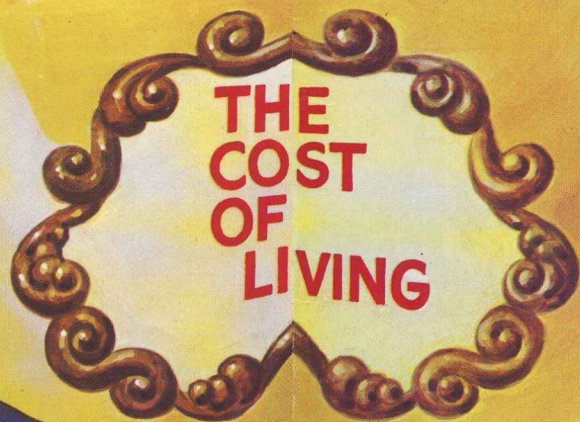
◀B

WHAT IS
THE ONLY
THING THAT
COMPLETELY
IGNORES
THE LAW OF
GRAVITY?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

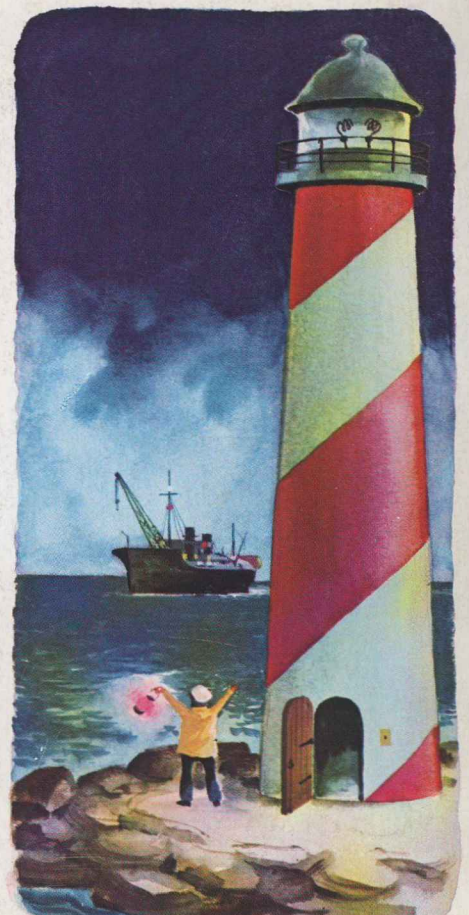
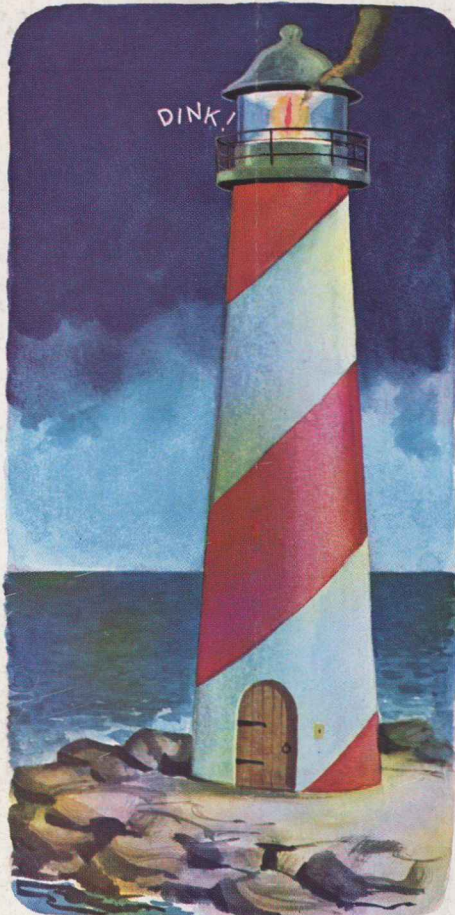
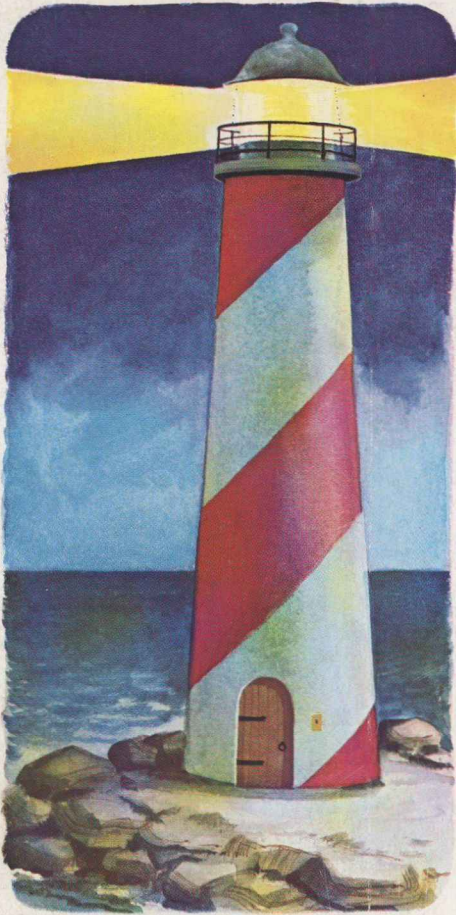


ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶ ◀ B

Jaffee

THE REPLACEMENT



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING

